3 August 1979 35p USA $1 By Air

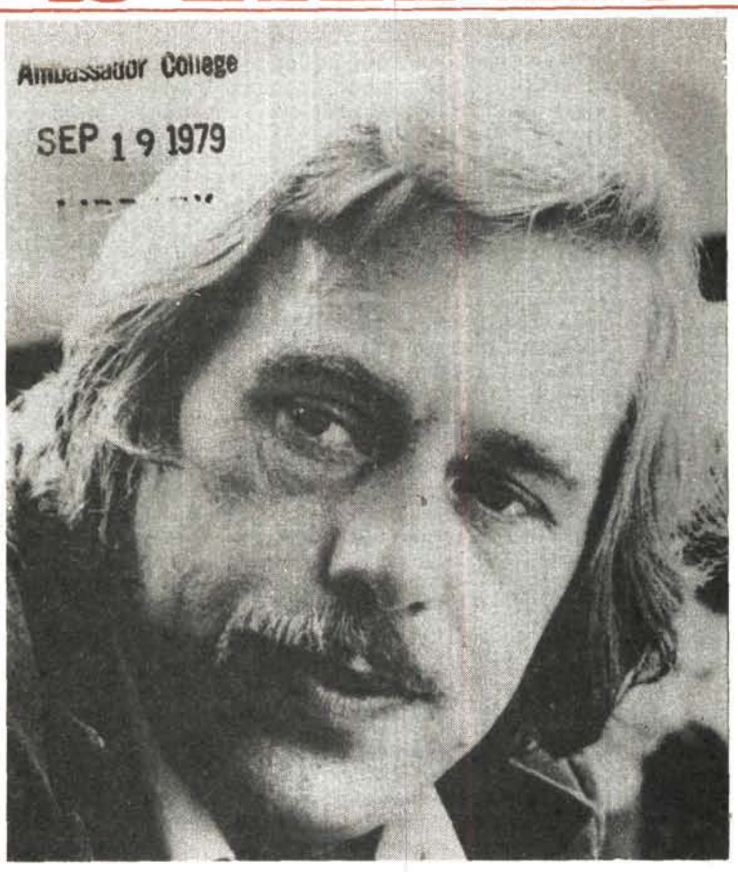
NEW STATESMAN

The Times – who won?

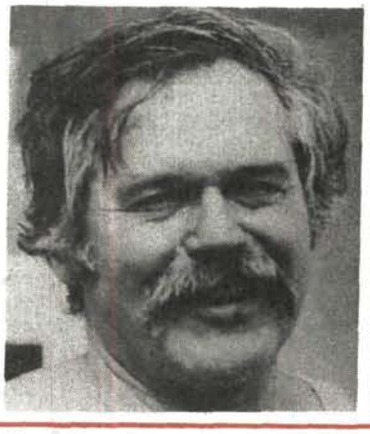
Eastern Europe:

the biggest show trial since the 1950s

Ambassador College
SEP 19 1979



Later this month these ten people will go on trial in Czechoslovakia. They include writers, a party official, psychologists, academics and an engineer. Their crime has been to publicise the details of the public trials of those prosecuted for their political views. They are being charged by a regime much harsher than that condemned after 1968.



European Royalty & the bullet-proof cars

Commonwealth Conference: Thatcher & Zimbabwe

Kevin Brownlow: independent film-makers – deep in debt

Richard Rathbone: the imperial legacy in Africa

Jonathan Raban: declining gods

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NEW STATESMAN

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UK £17, Overseas £18.50
Air mail:
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NOTES

Labour left's precarious position

Patrick Wintour writes: Over a week after the Labour Party NEC emerged from their marathon bust-up (which ended with headlines about the worst split since the fifties and Callaghan descending to red smears against Eric Heffer) accusations are still flying about everyone's motives at the meeting. The left assert that they have been set up to look as though they are uniformly at odds with the unions: to make progress they simply cannot afford to be on poor terms with, at least, the anti-Callaghan unions. One of the left's difficulties was that their union stalwarts on the NEC, Alex Kitson and Emlyn Williams, failed to turn up; once again exposing the primitive co-ordination of the left in their great stand for socialism.

The most important issue for union/left relations currently is whether or not there is to be an inquiry into the state of the party organisation and if so, when. Unions of both left and right hue want one. But the left constituency representatives at the NEC meeting were portrayed in the press as being against the inquiry. They say they were unwillingly forced by the right into voting down by 14-12 an inquiry proposed by David Basnett and other union general secretaries on the Trade Union Campaign for a Labour Victory. The left felt that the Basnett proposal did not need to go to a vote since, as Michael Foot also argued, there was agreement on all sides that there should be an inquiry. But the right pushed for a vote, guessing that it would be defeated and that this could then be presented as a massive snub to the unions by an isolated left. The opposition of the left to Basnett's inquiry is partly that they are against anything emanating from that quarter but also a preference for continuing with the existing joint union-party inquiry.

This inquiry (also set up at Basnett's request, in 1976, and without his union conference backing) has lain dormant for some time and had confined itself to examining ways of winning the election. The NEC decided, after rejecting the new style Basnett inquiry, to talk in September to the union general secretaries about continuing with the present vision.

The significance of the wrangling over the status, timing, and control of the eventual inquiry is the power it gives Callaghan. Will he be able to argue with wavering union leaders before conference that there is no point in them prematurely accepting mandatory reselection, election of party leader and all the other theses of the left, since all these issues would be better delayed until they are dealt with in the context of a full inquiry?

To try and avoid a union/left split, Eric Heffer – in a conciliatory mood at the NEC meeting – shelved a proposal that the representation of Constituency Labour Parties should be increased. This had been mooted previously as a *quid pro quo* for an increased affiliation fee. But it had also come to be interpreted as a direct threat to union power. Union right wingers are in a less agreeable mood than Heffer, and have been seeking to exacerbate the split. Amongst their recent targets has been the left orientated research staff at the Party's Transport House HQ, who despite their small size manage to generate a prolific – and for the right, distasteful – output. The union right wingers have blocked the filling of three currently vacant research posts.

Another major internal party battle has yet to come over the issue of who writes the manifesto. Many MPs have threatened to leave the party if the NEC alone is to determine the contents of the manifesto that they must support.

Steadman's America

This week, British Customs are hanging on to Steadman's drawing. We don't know why, but are sorry it is not in the paper.

Tories aim to kill BNOC

A correspondent writes: The Tory proposals to strip BNOC of a few carefully selected rights will, eventually, kill the state oil company completely. The Labour government gave BNOC its powers in an attempt to offset the grievous consequences for the national interest of previous Tory governments' giveaway policies. Without these powers, and clearly regarded by the government as a hostile intruder, BNOC will soon be unable to attract the management and skilled executives it needs. Although it retains the right to purchase 51 per cent of the North Sea's crude output, the effectiveness of this will depend on how the government handles this right; but in any case, no-one can judge the price who is not a producer.

The Tories' reckless attitude to the North Sea has a long history. In 1952 they supported the Median Line division of the Continental shelf, in preference to the previous international rule that the shelf belonged to the nation whose seaward extension it was. As a result, Britain handed the Norwegians Statfjord, Ecofisk and Frigg, at a cost of hundreds of millions of pounds.

Next, in the dying days of the Douglas-Home government, they issued North Sea licences which failed to control investment or the rate of exploitation, despite the oilmen's obvious anxiety to extract as much as possible as quickly as possible. When the Arabs were taking over the oilfields and getting anything between 75 and 85 per cent of the output, the British introduced no special taxes or public participation. Quite the contrary: the Tories allowed world wide losses and investment to be charged against North Sea profits.

BNOC's most important job was participation in the operating committees of all oil fields. This would enable the government to cross-check on costs and prices, prevent tax avoidance and receive informed advice on national policies towards investment and depletion. It is absurd of Tory ministers to believe that the civil servants of the energy ministry and inland revenue can do this. The opposition to BNOC has been well orchestrated by the oil giants, who now receive oil rights worth billions and can (with justice) look upon Britain as one of the less powerful developing countries whose natural resources are exploited by foreign multinationals.

Lorry inquiry: a new move

Mick Hamer writes: Just one man, Sir Arthur Armitage, is going to conduct Transport Minister Norman Fowler's heavy lorry inquiry. Sir Arthur, who is vice-chancellor of Manchester University, will thus have a powerful influence on whether or not Britain has still heavier lorries on its roads. Announcing his decision to have a one-man inquiry, Norman Fowler said that Sir Arthur 'will be assisted in his consideration of the evidence by impartial assessors who will be experts in the professional and technical subjects most relevant to the inquiry.'

Precedents are few for a one-man inquiry of this scale and scope. Both of the recent major independent inquiries instituted by the Department of Transport were conducted by committee: the Foster Committee on road haulage operators' licensing and the Leitch Committee on trunk road assessment. Even the weighty topic of the quality of motorway greaseburgers warranted investigation by a committee (the Prior Committee).

Although highway and planning inquiries (such as the Windscale inquiry) are held by one man they differ from committees of inquiry in several respects. First, the public cross-examination of witnesses by other parties to the inquiry is permitted in highway and planning inquiries, whereas in committees of inquiry the committee normally asks the questions (in private). Second, highway and planning inquiries are statutory inquiries. Perhaps the

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NOTES

nearest parallel to Armitage's inquiry in recent history is the inquiry into development control by George Dobry QC. But here again there are significant differences. Dobry is a noted and respected planning lawyer, well-versed in the workings of development control. And secondly the issue of whether Britain should have heavier lorries is considerably more controversial and emotive than that of development control.

Although Sir Arthur has been involved with similar committees before – recently he chaired the Committee on the political activities of civil servants – he has no experience of road freight and can thus be expected to rely heavily on his technical assessors. In effect the 'impartial assessors' could prove to be a shadow committee of inquiry – with the difference that Armitage is unlikely to produce a minority report. One hopes that precedence does not give a guide to the official concept of impartiality. For amongst the Foster Committee's assessors (appointed by Bill Rodgers) were representatives of the Freight Transport Association and the Road Haulage Association.

Sir Arthur Armitage's job is not an enviable one. Fowler's announcement of the inquiry's terms of reference suggested that he personally favours heavier lorries (NS 1 June 1979). A significant sector of the Department of Transport officials holds the same view. On the other hand, public opinion is solidly against heavier lorries. The pressures on Sir Arthur will be immense. By opting for this rather unusual form of inquiry Norman Fowler has done nothing to reassure those who suspect that this inquiry is a forty-ton trojan horse.

Canada's tories in trouble

Charlotte Gray writes from Ottawa: Joe Clark, Canada's conservative prime minister of two months, is already in trouble over the membership of his new two-tier cabinet. After a study of the British system of senior and junior ministers, Clark decided that 10 of his 29 ministers should form an 'inner cabinet', with the power to make final decisions at its twice weekly meetings. Clark wanted both to streamline decision making so that every cabinet minister did not have to wade through every cabinet document, written in both official languages, and also to prevent ministers being dominated by the powerful Ottawa bureaucracy. During Trudeau's 11 years in power the 30-odd cabinet posts were occupied by 161 ministers – more than 5 ministers per portfolio – and ministers never had time to get to grips with their job.

However, Clark has hit problems. First, unlike its counterpart in Westminster, the cabinet in Ottawa has to represent regional as well as bureaucratic responsibilities. Very soon British Columbia, Canada's California, objected to the absence of a BC member of the inner cabinet. A couple of weeks' discreet lobbying and John Fraser, a Vancouver Tory, who is both Environment Minister and Postmaster General, was drafted in.

A second problem has been the exclusion of some major portfolios from the inner cabinet. For instance, Health and Welfare, with a budget of $13 billion (a quarter of the federal total), is not represented. Neither are Transport or Employment and Immigration. In theory the inner cabinet could make decisions affecting these portfolios, without necessarily including them in discussions.

Clark hopes to solve this with five powerful cabinet sub-committees, each of which will be chaired by an 'insider' and will meet once a week. But this could lead to a dilution of responsibility with the opposition in the Commons having a field day questioning both the minister and his sub-committee chairman. Furthermore, in a party well-known for squabbles, Clark has not succeeded in removing the feeling of discomfort in his cabinet, as the flow of leaks makes evident. It remains unclear whether outer cabinet members are bound by the traditions of cabinet solidarity, even though they play so little part in decision making.

Holiday rackets

Steve Kelly writes: Child labour is alive and well and living in Britain and especially so in the small cafes, kiosks, amusement arcades and fairgrounds of our seaside resorts where schoolchildren search for a way to spend their long summer holiday profitably.

But it is not just at the seaside. Last week a report by the Inner London Education Authority revealed that as many as 200 employers every month are signing on kids for cheap part-time work. Last year

a survey by Blackpool Trades Council found similar problems along the Golden Mile. One boy and a girl, for instance, were found to be working in a fairground from 10.00am to 9.00pm while another 15 year old was working in a kebab house without payment. Other cases included a 14 year old girl employed in a fish and chip shop for evening work at £26 a week (paying no tax or insurance stamp) and a 15 year old girl working 48 hours a week in a snack bar. Both the Blackpool and ILEA survey uncovered scores of such examples of illegal payments and working prohibited hours.

A third survey conducted in Salford earlier this year revealed similar results, adding that 'findings from eight authorities matched our own.' The Salford survey showed that 132 of the 147 children who admitted working had no permits. Of these 47 were engaged in prohibited work and 49 were working outside permitted hours. In other words, something like 90 per cent of children in employment were being engaged illegally, regardless of whether the payment was reasonable.

At present local authority byelaws – which vary considerably – govern the details of the employment of children. The Children and Young Persons Act of 1933 prohibits any child from working before 6.00am or after 8.00pm, from being employed for more than two hours on a school day or from lifting anything too heavy. No child may be employed under the age of 13. The 1973 Employment of Children Act was designed to make up for the discrepancies between local authorities and to standardise regulations. But no national regulations have been issued since the publication of draft regulations in June 1973.

South Africa's opposition to split?

Roger Omond writes: The demand by the executive of the Progressive Federal Party, South Africa's white parliamentary opposition that its leader Colin Eglin should resign could split the party.

Eglin, in the decade he has led the party, proved a capable administrator and geared the party to pull in votes. (Now representing about 15 per cent of the white electorate, it has probably peaked.) But he was less inspiring as a parliamentary orator, got locked into a situation where the party's sole goal was to become the official opposition (which it achieved in 1977) and seemed to lack a vision of the future. In addition he had to contend with factions on the left and right of the party, trying not to alienate too many conservative voters while keeping channels open to those blacks still prepared to talk to white parliamentarians.

His successor is likely to be a young Afrikaner

FREE SPEECH

THE LAW COMMISSION has undoubtedly done the decent thing in proposing the abolition of legal distinctions between legitimate and illegitimate children. But it is too optimistic to assume that the 'old discriminatory attitude' has died. No sooner had the Commission suggested that 'caste labels' were a thing of the past than up popped Mr John Junor, the Savonarola of the breakfast table, moaning at Lady Longford for writing a book from which it might be gleaned that, to quote Mr Junor, 'Baroness Spencer Churchill, so recently dead, so much respected, was a bastard.'

Are we to assume from this that respectability and illegitimacy are mutually exclusive? 'Isn't it sad', Mr Junor whines on, 'to see old forgotten scandals dragged out into the light of day?' But the only person to do any dragging is Mr Junor. Other reviewers, including Rebecca West, Paul Johnson and Anthony Powell, managed to write about the book at length without mentioning the dear lady's paternity at all. Millions of newspaper readers would have remained ignorant of the matter but for Mr Junor; though with enemies like him about, does the movement to remove the stigma of illegitimacy need any friends?

However, speaking as an illegitimate, or as Mr Junor would have it, bastard child (the Law Commission managed to ramble on for 158 pages without using the term once) myself, it looks as though the Commission's proposals will do little for the one in ten of children born out of wedlock. The proposal to give unmarried mothers the same rights as divorced or separated mothers to sue for maintenance conveniently misses the point: three-quarters of single parent families, regardless of marital status, already live on supplementary benefits. Even under the present rules it can be more lucrative to be a pop star's illegitimate child than to be the legitimate offspring of an ordinary worker. The real solution is realistic child benefits and better child care facilities for working women – the very things which are being cut back or abandoned as a result of government spending cuts.

Many feminists oppose the Commission's proposal to give unmarried fathers (who may have made no contribution to the upbringing of their child) rights of access or custody similar to those enjoyed by divorced fathers. But, as many divorced fathers know, it is at the moment ridiculously easy for a mother to cut her children off from an estranged husband under the present system, despite dozens of access orders and trips to court. Recent decisions show that the judges still believe the mother should have custody of children, whatever divorce laws or the proposals of the Commission may say.

Margaret Drummond

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academic (on the left) or a Jewish banker (on the right). Frederick van Zyl Slabbert, a former Stellenbosch University sociologist has almost perfect credentials to lead the party: an incisive speaker with insight into the Afrikaner Nationalist mind as an Afrikaner himself, widely travelled and long groomed as a potential leader. Harry Schwarz (chairman of the executive) is further to the right and is ambitious to be around the conference table when South Africa's white rulers realise some accommodation is needed with the blacks. Schwarz is a military hawk (an ex-Air Force officer himself) and more wedded to liberal capitalism. But if he beats Slabbert a wing of the party (almost certainly including the legendary Helen Suzman) will walk or quietly bow out. Whoever it is, Eglin's successor will have a tough and possibly divisive time struggling to keep the moderate road open.

Axes out at the Mirror

Duncan Cambell writes: The unheralded and low-key announcement, earlier this week, of the premature retirement of *Daily Mirror* chief executive Percy Roberts marks the demise of a second management in the Fleet Street battles over computerised 'new technology'. Roberts had the misfortune to preside over growing difficulties in operating the new system, with severe financial consequences, as reported earlier (NS 25 May 1979). But the changes at the top are much more than cosmetic.

The *Mirror* group of newspapers are part of Reed International, a substantial combine with interests in paper and board production and building materials. The *Mirror* was previously part of the International Publishing Corporation (IPC), a Reed subsidiary running an extensive range of general magazine titles. IPC Magazines, in some contrast to the Mirror, has recently enjoyed immense financial success. But much of its output is aimed only at the entertainment market, and those that are not – principally *New Scientist* and *New Society* – have suffered from increasing management interference in editorial policy. The present IPC chief executive, Les Carpenter, will head an IPC-Mirror amalgam which will in effect be a reconstituted publishing division of Reed International.

The new arrangements under Carpenter may result in increasing control of Mirror editorial policy by the parent company, in the interests of maximum profitability. Mirror journalists are not entirely dismayed by the moves, however. The Reed International axe is expected to fall again during the year, particularly on the other directors responsible for the costly blunder into – and back out of – the computerised printing project.

Whitehall direct rule to enforce health cuts

Christopher Price writes: The current fight between Patrick Jenkin and the Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham Area Health Authority is the first test of the Conservatives' policy of combining swingeing cuts in public expenditure with rigid cash limits. The AHA had spent the last 12 months in a dispute with David Ennals, Labour's health minister, about overspending of £4m. This was to try to bring their budget within the formula designed to equalise health standards throughout the UK. In the event Ennals set up an enquiry into the structure of the AHA and delayed half the crunch till after the election. Now the authority has been asked to find another £3m., in order to stay within new and stricter cash limits, while paying for substantial *extra* expenditure – in particular increased VAT.

The task is impossible without a cut in services. Though the Conservatives said during the election that they would not cut the NHS, the letter to the AHA from Gerard Vaughan, Jenkin's deputy and a Guys psychiatrist, contradicts this election pledge: 'I do not underestimate the difficulties nor have I sought to conceal the fact that the necessary measures willl in some cases be painful and involve *reducing the level of patient services currently available.*' By 19 votes to five the members of the AHA, from Labour local councillors to the consultants who recently complained so bitterly about Labour's treatment of their hospitals, refused to endanger life by cutting essential services. They rejected a compromise worked out with the DHSS by their officials and a few of their senior colleagues.

On Wednesday, Jenkin insisted that if spending had gone on at its present rate, the money would have run out before Christmas – with hospitals closing and pay cheques bouncing. He found the AHA were not technically in default until this happened – so he turned to a hitherto unused emergency procedure in the NHS Act under which he suspended all their powers and functions, and handed them over first to the Regional Health Authority and subsequently – 'in a few weeks' – to an unspecified number of commissioners. The RHA is dominated by Kent and Sussex county appointees who know little of the community problems of inner London, and have complained for some time about its overprovision with teaching hospitals. Jenkin insisted that talk of patients dying was 'just hysterical'; but many consultants disagree and he will find it difficult to find a local one to be a commissioner. With all three local councils aggressively uncooperative, he is being pulled inexorably into specifying the detailed cuts himself and instituting direct rule over the NHS in south east London.

Thorpe's juror rights

Bill Morton writes: Last week's publication of an interview with one member of the Thorpe case jury attracted widespread attention. It was particularly noticed at the National Council for Civil Liberties, who were surprised that the jurors – who are normally subject to a blast from the Lord Chancellor concerning only what they should *not* do – were sufficiently aware of their rights to know that they could add a rider to their verdict about the appropriateness of the charges alleged. Or, indeed, to know that there was no law prohibiting them from discussing the case with the press or anyone else afterwards.

NCCL do produce a free leaflet for jurors which sets out these and other underutilised rights. An investigation confirmed that NCCL's leaflet had indeed been procured in quantity by the woman foreman of the Thorpe case jury – only to be confiscated later by a petulant usher. But the usher was too late to stop the news about jury rights – and this jury's deliberations – getting out. Meanwhile, the Lord Chancellor's department has confirmed that jurors can talk to the press – but they still 'should not' do it.

RACIALISM

Witch hunting in Birmingham

Paul Foot writes: The headline over the first leader in last Thursday's Birmingham Evening Mail was uncompromising: CLEAR DUTY TO DEAL WITH THIS TEACHER. It went on to denounce Bridget Parsons, a maths teacher at Swanhurst girls' comprehensive school, as 'not a fit person to be in charge of impressionable pupils'. The leader concluded: 'She should be sacked.' She has already been suspended and the governors of the school have called an emergency meeting in August – before the next term starts – to sack her.

What has Bridget Parsons done? The answer dates back to last November when the Commission for Racial Equality reported on the Polyanna Club, a late night restaurant-cum-disco in central Birmingham. The report concluded, after painstaking study, that the club had twice discriminated on racial grounds. Once, a booking was refused because there were more than ten black people in the party and on another occasion a university teacher of Chinese students was told that Chinese people were not allowed in the club. The Commission concluded that the law had been broken and sternly concluded: 'Those who suffer are mainly the young, many of them born in this country, and racial harmony will not be achieved until discrimination of this sort is stamped out.'

The club owners refused to comply with the Commission's order to submit information about their activities. The Commission are seeking an injunction to stop the club's discriminatory 'quotas' which, according to recent evidence, still operate.

At the beginning of this year the Birmingham Action Committee Against Racism in Clubs was formed. Sponsors include Moss Evans, Arthur Scargill, Tony Benn, Sheila Wright, a local MP, and many student and multiracial organisations. On 31 March at 10 p.m. about 100 people assembled outside the club with banners and leaflets. The two police officers on duty at the time, PC Edwards and WPC Walker-Chelton, testified later that the picket, though rowdy, was not dangerous. No civilian who went into the club complained, either then or later, of being molested or obstructed.

The atmosphere changed dramatically on the arrival of Inspector Percy Postans. Postans' career in the West Midlands police forces has not been without incident. In March 1973 he was suspended on full pay and was later charged with two other officers of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice by fabricating evidence against a man who had been acquitted of shop breaking. The case was later dismissed and Mr Postans returned to work, though he was transferred from the crime squad to the uniformed branch.

Even before he turned the corner into the area where the Polyanna picket was held, Mr Postans concluded things had got out of control. He ordered the pickets not to shout and to move on. He told Bridget Parsons, who was holding a banner, that she was causing an obstruction. She disagreed and the argument ended, as the Inspector later admitted, by his grabbing her throat.

Meanwhile Inspector Thomas Somerville – who hails from the same police station – was inside the club, on licensing duties and, deciding the picket had got out of control, called in the Special Patrol Group. In court this month, Inspector Somerville expressed the controversial view that the demonstration was 'misguided' and that there was 'no discrimination' at Polyannas (evidence for which, he said, was a 'coloured bouncer' on the door). He also agreed that he knew the club owners personally.

The SPG took eight demonstrators to the police station. When she got there, Bridget Parsons found one of her fellow-demonstrators on the floor surrounded by police officers. She lunged forward to help him, shouting angrily. She remembers people grabbing her, and a scuffle at the end of which she was dragged along the floor, bumped up some stairs and thrown into a cell.

She was later charged with threatening behaviour, obstruction and assault causing actual bodily harm to a woman police officer; the others with threatening behaviour and obstruction. They were tried by Birmingham magistrates on July 19, 20 and 25th. The chief evidence against them was that of Percy Postans. All the accused were found guilty and fined. Bridget Parsons was fined £540.

The verdict led to the *Evening Mail*'s editorial on Thursday whose fairness can be judged from this sentence: 'She turned up outside a Birmingham night club which *she conceived* to be operating some sort of colour bar' (my emphasis). There was not a word from the Mail editor, the fearless Mr David Hopkinson, about the CRE's judgment. Indeed, his newspaper has not managed a single leading article criticising the Polyanna's racial practices and he refuses to comment to the NS about his leader.

Nor is Mr Hopkinson remotely concerned about the following remarkable situation in the city whose affairs his newspaper purports fairly to describe: a night-club, which in the view of the official body responsible flagrantly breaks the law, is defended verbally and physically by senior police officers, while the people who turn out to protest against the law-breaking are hauled off to the police station, fined and hounded out of their jobs.

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THE PRESS
A Correspondent

The Times settlement is a victory for the workers

Whose head will roll now?

THERE MUST be some considerable apprehension about job prospects in the management suite on the 6th floor of New Printing House Square now that a settlement of the dispute at Times Newspapers Ltd has been reached with the Thomson Organisation over the heads of the TNL Board. An eight month lockout, the sacking of some three thousand print workers and the expenditure of £25 million has left the unions still in command of practically the whole field.

This was to have been the shutdown that wrested managerial hegemony back from the workers in a tour de force that the rest of British industry should copy. It didn't happen. TNL dropped the bomb and discovered that it only killed employers.

The final deal was negotiated between the union side led by Les Dixon, the formidable president of National Graphical Association, and Gordon Brunton, chief executive of the Thomson Organisation. It is essentially a compromise based on the unions' formula for full reinstatement and republication of the five titles. The unions got most of what they wanted: early reinstatement with no more than a promise to negotiate on issues like the 80 page *Sunday Times* and the new photocomposition room. The printers will get lump sums of up to £500 each to compensate for the lockout period, and higher wages: pre-30 November rates plus the latest Fleet Street increase of 10 per cent plus another 10 per cent. The whole issue of front-end technology (under which journalists and tele-ad girls would input copy directly to the photocomposition computer) is set aside for a year of talks between the NGA, NATSOPA, the journalists union and the Times management.

This is a far cry from the ambitious claw-back tried on just seven days previously by Duke Hussey, chief executive of TNL, and his number two, Dougal Nisbet-Smith. their effort to push through what amounted to a new total operating agreement under the guise of a return to work formula almost wrecked the peace initiative set in train on 29 June by Lord Thomson, and precipitated the unions' direct approach to Brunton.

That particular mistake is unlikely to be repeated. A special 'referral committee' composed of top management and senior union leaders has been set up to handle any disagreements that threaten the fragility of the new peace. Though nobody is saying so, it is a negotiating instrument to bypass the Hussey-Nisbet-Smith axis if this goes badly wrong over the next month.

So what has Lord Thomson got for his multi-million layout? The unions have agreed to sign a common dispute procedure designed to cut out unofficial strikes. They have also accepted common start times for the press room, which should ensure a trouble free print run for the *Sunday Times*. TNL will finally get its commercial computer going. Everything else on Duke Hussey's shopping list remains to be negotiated – and of course, paid for. The company's fundamental demand of journalistic and clerical access to the photocomposition computer has been shelved and may never happen. What TNL have got is worth having, but it is certainly not worth £25 million and the damage done to the standing and viability of the titles by their prolonged disappearance from the news stand.

For the NGA, the craft union fighting its most critical battle of the new technology to date, the outcome is about as good as can be expected. To keep its monopoly of the typesetting keyboard, the union has spent around £400,000 in dispute benefit, and its Fleet Street members have contributed as much again by way of voluntary levy to give the 600 Times NGA men £80 a week tax free since 17 April. Under the terms of the draft agreement that went to union executives and chapels for endorsement last week, they will be reinstated the first Monday after the package has been accepted. Despite some opposition from Natsopa militants, republication should follow in mid September.

IF THE SIXTH floor management hierarchy have grounds for career anxiety, what price the credibility of William Rees-Mogg and Harry Evans, editors of *The Times* and *Sunday Times* respectively? Both are directors of TNL and both supported the shutdown strategy, though Evans grew increasingly alarmed as it dragged on, fearing for his paper's circulation. Rees-Mogg, by contrast, was super-hawk, preaching the virtues of standing firm, urging the printing abroad of the ill-fated international edition to put more pressure on the NGA, and hardline to the end. As one senior cabinet minister in the new government privately put it: 'Who is going to listen to William's editorial lectures on the economy and industrial relations after this?'

In fact, far from solving Fleet Street's problems, the knock-on effect of the suspension has gone way beyond Gray's Inn Road. Rival papers seeking to take advantage of the Thunderer's absence have increased circulation and pagination, which means bigger wages and more clout for the printers. Ironically, the 'going rate' that TNL now has to pay to get back into production is all the higher because of the suspension.

ECONOMICS
Caroline Atkinson

For the first time in weeks, the pound has fallen

Has the bubble burst?

HAS THE BUBBLE, which has sent the pound soaring by over 10 per cent against the dollar and nearly nine per cent against an average of currencies since the budget, burst? This week foreign exchange markets had second thoughts about their recent wild enthusiasm for the pound and sent the exchange rate crashing by six cents in just one day. Although it is unlikely that sterling will fall right back to its level at the beginning of the year, speculators who got their fingers burnt this week may well think twice before piling back into pounds.

The immediate cause of the sudden reversal seems to have been a slight revival in the dollar. As is the way with currency markets, this was not based on any fundamental change in the outlook for the US economy but on currency dealers approval of the new Federal Reserve Board chairman, Mr Paul Volcker. He is well known for his belief in 'sound' money. That is, he believes that holding the money supply tight and fighting inflation comes before growth and employment. Another factor was the sudden drop in oil prices on the Rotterdam spot market. If the oil crisis disappears, then so does some of the appeal of holding sterling.

But there is likely to be enough appeal to cause trouble for British industry. Although a strong pound is very nice for British holidaymakers, it is not so good for those of them whose jobs are threatened by an influx of cheaper imports or the squeeze of an uncompetitive exchange rate on exporters. Before this week, sterling was back to its levels of 1975. And even after the sudden fall, the pound is as high, against an average of currencies, as it was in the Spring of 1976. Against the dollar it is of course much higher. It began 1976 at $2.02, and fell throughout most of the year. Those in Britain now suffering from the present strength of sterling may well wonder what the trauma of that year, when the crashing pound forced the International Monetary Fund's deflationary medicine on the Labour government, was all about. Britain's inflation and balance of payments prospects look little better now than they did then.

The flood of money into sterling, which speeded up dramatically in July, surprised

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"Variability in the weather adds to its charm; in wine it merely adds misery."

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many observers. The string of possible reasons did not seem fully to justify the sharp rise in the rate to a peak of over $2.32 last week. This point now seems to have hit the market, which just a few days ago paid attention only to good news. The magic ingredient of 'confidence' which made speculators scramble for pounds last month in a way unimaginable only two years ago could evaporate quickly. There remain more solid reasons for the pound's strength. These suggest that even if the market remains wary of repeating last month's excesses sterling will stay too high for comfort.

The most important influence on the exchange has undoubtedly been oil. The OPEC conference in Geneva in June set the seal on enormous oil price rises this year. They may not be sustainable in real terms as the world heads for recession next year. But they will ensure a big jump in the amount of cash in the hands of the oil producers this year. The OPEC surpluses, which shrank to virtually nothing last year, will probably total at least $20-25 billion this year. This money has to go somewhere and although it is still well below the level of 1974 when the OPEC countries had some $61 billion or so to dispose of in the world's capital markets, it is enough to put a severe strain on the international monetary system. Some of the volatility in exchange markets this year has probably come from the increased oil surplus. However the bulk has yet to come. As the oil price was much lower earlier in the year most of the OPEC producers will get most of their surplus cash in the second half of the year.

Until now most of OPEC's surplus funds created this decade have been deposited initially in New York. But the weakness of the dollar over the last couple of years and the apparent incompetence of the American political leadership has made New York a much less attractive place. Mr Volcker's presence at the Fed may do something to change that, as may the coming US recession (which will improve its balance of payments). However, it is hard to see the dollar rising substantially for as long as there are fears of an energy crisis: America's appetite for oil imports makes the dollar very vulnerable.

After New York, London has the most sophisticated capital market in the world and this naturally acts as a magnet for footloose oil money. So far the British government believes that no foreign government money has come into sterling from OPEC countries. Indeed, if the Bank of England had spotted an increase in the official sterling holdings of any Middle East country it would have complained: such an increase would be contrary to the Basle agreement of January 1977 (part of the pound support package) that official holdings of sterling should be kept just to the level of working balances. However, there are more than a few rich individuals in the Middle East who can buy pounds, and in some countries the boundary between private and official money is rather fuzzy.

Britain's own North Sea oil has also played a part in pushing up the pound, and will continue to do so. In theory, it should be giving such a boost to Britain's balance of payments as to push it into comfortable surplus and thus increase the demand for pounds. In fact, Britain's voracious demand for imports has produced a huge underlying payments deficit of £2,000m in the first half of this year and looks likely to eat up all of the benefits of North Sea oil for some time to come. This is one reason for the sudden feeling in the currency markets that sterling had been overbought during July when dealers turned a blind eye to the balance of payments. However, as an oil producer Britain should be able to withstand an energy crisis better than most.

Camera Press

No medals for Gordon Richardson, Governor of the Bank of England and advocate of the strong pound (right); nor for the Chancellor who believed what the Bank told him.

This has attracted money from investors all over the world on top of any Middle East money which has come into London. Whether Swiss banks which were advising their small clients to go into sterling, will continue to do so if the oil panic subsides is doubtful. However London's high interest rates, which have also been an important attraction to international investors, look set to continue.

High interest rates are just one aspect of the Tories' policy of knocking the economy senseless in the hope that this will teach it to 'stand on its own feet'. Other aspects also please currency dealers. Tough money targets persuade the mainly monetarist markets that inflation will come down next year as well as ensuring that interest rates will stay high. A series of bad inflation figures in the coming months may rattle the markets later this year.

Foreign exchange dealers also like the deflationary impact of the Tories' restrictive budget and the vicious cuts in public spending. They expect a recession to curb inflation (workers facing the dole won't ask for big wage increases, they hope, and companies facing bankruptcy will not pay them) and improve the balance of payments: both good for sterling.

The pound's rate is likely to bounce up and down more than it might because of the government's refusal to intervene in the market to any great extent. Strong intervention might have stopped some of the July bubble: the British government was the only one of the strong currency countries not intervening to hold down its currency. The government will not intervene to hold down the pound's rate because to do so tends to increase the money supply. The Bank of England has to create pounds to sell to foreigners. When the government got worried about sterling's rise (despite its official belief in the virtues of a strong pound) its only response was to hurry along its plans to dismantle Britain's exchange controls on outward capital flows. This is no solution to short-term speculative inflows, although now the market has seen the rate come down more long term capital may flow out of Britain and counteract short-term capital inflows. It would be better for Britain if some of that capital were invested here, than overseas.

The Tories' commitment not to intervene in the currency markets, their tight monetary squeeze and a restrictive budgetary policy stand in the way of other domestic policies to hold sterling down. An expansionary economic policy with growth led by increased public spending and lower interest rates would, on the other hand, dampen the demand for sterling.

There are unlikely to be any international moves which would avoid further flows of oil and other money into London. As the last oil crisis showed, the International Monetary Fund works much too slowly to be able to recycle the oil money as quickly and as efficiently as necessary. The slow deliberations of the US Congress meant that previous government attempts came too late: neither of the two special facilities arranged to enable the oil-poor countries to borrow from the rich were fully used. Private banks did the job and will do so again this time.

Nonetheless, the IMF is expected to push ahead plans for a 'substitution' account to mop up some of the unwanted dollars in official government hands. The idea has been around for years, but got off the ground last year because of the dollar's unstoppable fall. Under such a scheme the IMF would accept dollars in exchange for its own unit of account, the Special Drawing Right, which is based on a basket of currencies. It would freeze the dollars in a 'substitution' account. However, the impact of such a scheme – even if it were finally agreed – would be limited. Most holders of dollars who want to broaden their reserves want other currencies, not SDRs.

So far the Germans, Japanese and the Swiss have resisted the use of their currencies as reserves: there is a strong strand of thought which blames many of Britain's post-war problems on sterling being a reserve currency. There has been a slight drop in the proportion of dollars held as reserves over the last year, despite this opposition. But the dollar is still far and away the world's most important reserve currency. If the Germans and the Japanese, for example, were to open up their capital markets to foreign investors this could reduce the exchange rate instability. To the extent that currency markets have been thrown into turmoil because of people trying to unload unwanted dollars which they feel form too large a proportion of their reserves, the sharing of the dollar's reserve role would help to clamp them down. If Frankfurt or Tokyo offered the same varied investment opportunities as London, investors would be less likely to buy up sterling. Unfortunately there is little sign that the Germans and Japanese will relax their opposition to their currencies being used as reserves. A substitution account would anyway only be open to governments. There are hundreds of billions of dollars in private hands and such private international capital tends to be more volatile than official money. The re-emergence of the OPEC surplus makes it much less likely that governments will attempt to introduce controls on this. William Miller, now US Treasury Secretary, and Mr Volcker's predecessor at the Fed, has publicly supported the introduction of some controls. But governments will now be wary of inhibiting the private banking system from doing the recycling of funds necessary to keep the world economy going round.

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ITALY
Tana de Zulueta

Would a Craxi government have split the left?

The view from the window

ITALY'S NEW acting prime minister, Filippo Maria Pandolfi, intends to present his new government before Parliament this week. This very modest proposal is no more than a stop-gap solution to tide the country over the summer. It follows two months of fruitless but frantic political manoeuvres. Italy has, in fact, been without a real government for the past seven months. From the day, that is, that the Italian Communist Party (PCI) backed out of its three-year tacit alliance with the Christian Democrats and demanded a part in government, throwing the Italian political scene into total disarray. After the general elections which inevitably followed the PCI's move into opposition and in which they suffered a drastic loss of image and votes, they have turned more stubborn than ever. They are definitely sticking to their new slogan: 'Either in government or in opposition'.

This time round, any alliance between 'the Catholic masses' and the communists must be a pact between equals. Their refusal to support any government which excludes the PCI has created a noticeable political void on the left. While the PCI carry on what Berlinguer calls 'the critical study of our errors and defects', the socialists bitterly accuse them of choosing to stay comfortably 'at the window' of the political scene. Indeed, Berlinguer has declared that he is 'not particularly hostile' to Pandolfi's new government, but the communists, being excluded from government, will, 'of course', remain in opposition.

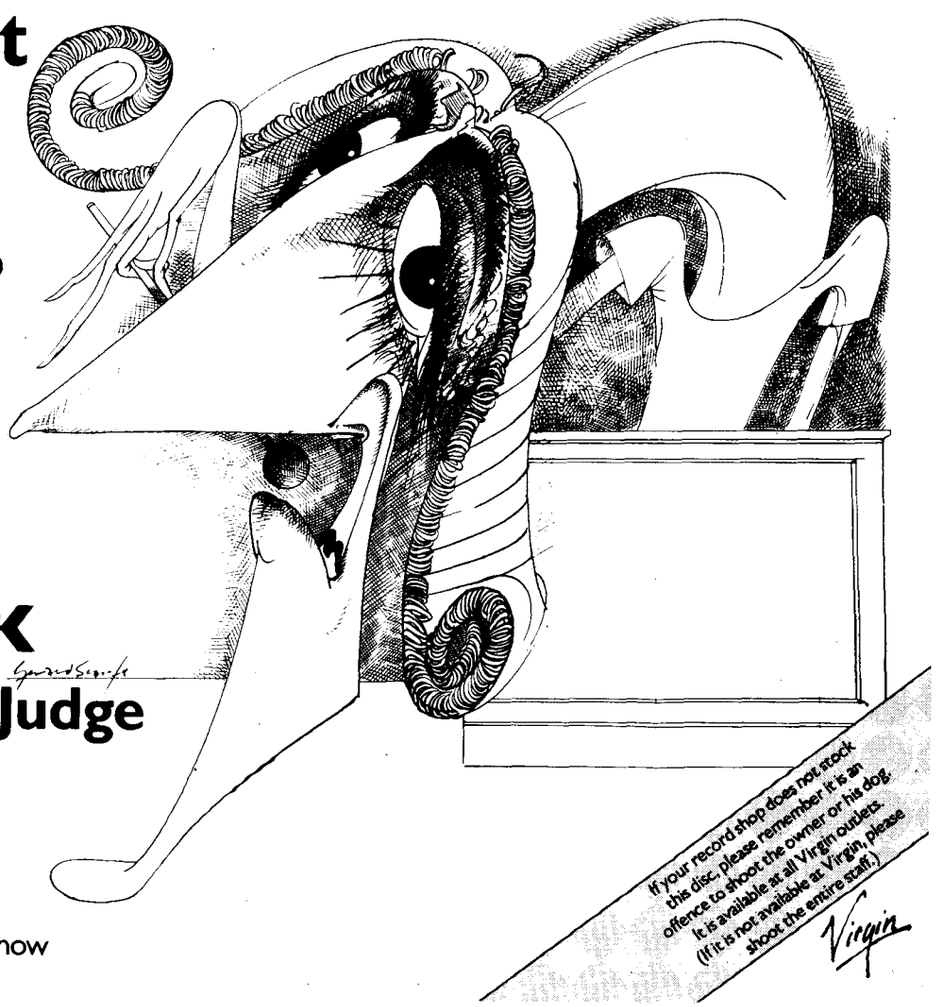
Pandolfi was proposed as Prime Minister not on the strength of his good record as Minister of the Treasury, but because he was deemed the most 'politically colourless' – and therefore safe – among the DC candidates. Somewhat unfairly the adjective 'colourless' has stuck to the Prime Minister himself, who with his gold rimmed spectacles and diffident manner is more reminiscent of a university professor than a professional politician. He is known primarily as an economic technician. His great advantage in the eyes of many Italians will be the fact that his is a relatively 'new face' in a gallery of political veterans of thirty years' standing, and, most rare of all qualities in his party, he is not involved in a single known political scandal.

The president, Sandro Pertini, asked Pandolfi to form a government after his appeal to fellow socialist Craxi failed. Asking Craxi to form a government was the first real surprise in weeks of tedious negotiations. It might also have provided a much-needed rallying point on the left. The communists were prudently encouraging and the 18 radicals overtly so. Craxi was also supported by the three little centre parties, the Republicans, Social Democrats and Liberals, all of which can boast of something of a revival after the last elections. According to the socialist number two, Claudio Signorile, even Italy's naval commander was in favour of Craxi, not to speak of the country's most important sanctuaries of power: the 'carabinieri', or military police, the Bank of Italy and the American Ambassador. But the Christian Democrats, under the leadership of Benigno Zaccagnini, literally turned on the socialist project.

Zaccagnini and his followers even went so far as to claim that a government headed by Craxi is a 'threat to democracy'. They accused the socialists of trying to replace the DC 'in its role as the balancing force in the country', while 'surreptitiously' heading for a left-wing alternative to the defunct government of 'national solidarity' which Zaccagnini still hankers after. Craxi, however, also had his DC champions, with, first in line, the leader of the disastrous Catholic crusade against divorce Amintore Fanfani. The point at issue, he said, was finding a solution to a few practical problems here and now. Paradoxically, it became clear that Craxi's DC allies were the right-wing of that party.

'What was being attempted,' according to Berlinguer, 'was the first major political manoeuvre to divide the left', and furthermore, 'the game isn't yet over'. What Fanfani hopes for is to cut the PCI right out by establishing a preferential alliance with the socialists. As a result, last week Fanfani's disciple Arnaldo Forlani broke party discipline and refused Pertini's mandate, saying: 'Craxi should have formed the government, and my party was wrong to refuse'.

"Justice must not only be done, it must be seen to be believed."
JB Morton



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The 'unjustly prosecuted' Czech masses

The Western Press, obsessed with the Pope's visit to Poland, overlooked the arrest of ten Czech dissidents, who represent the whole Czech opposition. The trial starts soon. WILLIAM SHAWCROSS and JAN KAVAN report.

ONE OF THE LARGEST and most far reaching show trials in Eastern Europe since the 1950s is about to take place in Czechoslovakia. The defendants will include the country's best known playwright Vaclav Havel (see large cover photo). Amongst the other defendants are Charter 77 spokesman Vaclav Benda and Jiri Dienstbier, former TV journalist, Ota Bednarova and young catholic priest Vaclav Maly. The charges include subversion of the Republic and could carry sentences of up to ten years.

Since the Soviet invasion of 1968, political life in Czechoslovakia has been overlaid with a dismal succession of trials of those who have refused to accept the logic of 'normalisation' – the euphemism for the destruction of all traces of the 1968 reforms. Some of the previous trials have had more defendants than the present ten – in 1972, 46 dissidents were tried in one swoop – but never have the authorities pressed such serious charges against so many people at one time. The current assault upon the Czechoslovak human rights movement is explained by a paradox. Despite the fact that the levers of repression have been thrust further into society in the last eleven years, the number of people willing to dissent openly has grown. At the time of the 1972 trials just over one hundred people were arrested. Their offence had been to distribute leaflets reminding people of their constitutional rights not to vote or to vote by secret ballot. Of these 100 or so, 46 were sentenced. Today over one thousand people have declared themselves publicly by the simple and courageous expedient of signing their names – to be in opposition to the government. They have all endorsed Charter 77, the human rights manifesto which does no more than remind the government of its legal obligation under the international covenants on political and civil rights and economic, social and cultural rights. These covenants were ratified by Czechoslovakia in March 1976 and thus became an integral part of Czechoslovak law.

[Ivan Barta (Palach Press)]

Czech and Polish dissidents meet on the border in the summer of 1978. Vaclav Havel is third from the left. Jiri Bednar, on the right, is the son of Ota Bednarova, one of the ten now in prison.

Since the Charter was established by its 242 original signatories in 1977 several other small human rights groups have emerged in the same spirit and with more precise and limited aims. The most active has been VONS – Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted – which was founded in April 1978 by seventeen Chartists all of them known for their courage and determination. Their intention was to monitor and publicise the fate of those prosecuted and imprisoned for their political views. In the last eighteen months VONS has produced 118 statements documenting judicial proceedings against members of the human rights movement. An important point is that VONS has sought only to publicise facts which are in the official court proceedings. In Czechoslovakia, however, such action is both extremely difficult and politically controversial. Under the constitution, court proceedings are public – but in practice attendance is by invitation only.

One difference between the present situation and the show trials of the fifties is that the present government – more sensitive than in the Stalinist period to international opinion – seeks to conceal many of the trials it mounts. This has been especially true of scores of small trials involving workers and young people in provincial towns throughout the country. The bulk of the work in which VONS has been engaged has been documenting not the plight of internationally known figures like Havel, but revealing the names and oppression of people of whom the outside world would never otherwise have heard. It is this which has been most offensive to the authorities. For every Havel for whose trial they were resigned to international criticism they hoped also to try several hundred people whose names meant nothing outside their home towns and whose predicament would attract no attention. VONS helped frustrate that aim.

The purpose of VONS was well described by Anna Sabatova. She is the daughter of Jaroslav Sabata – who served five years in prison after the 1972 trial and is now serving another 27 months for his connection with the Charter – and the wife of Petr Uhl, engineer, who has already served four years, because he was a Trotskyite. Sabatova herself spent two years in prison after 1972, was a founding Chartist and a founder of VONS. She now has two small children and is quite unemployable. VONS is important, she said in a recent filmed interview, because it 'looks after lesser known people and ... actively searches for such cases'. Famous people, she pointed out, 'enjoy

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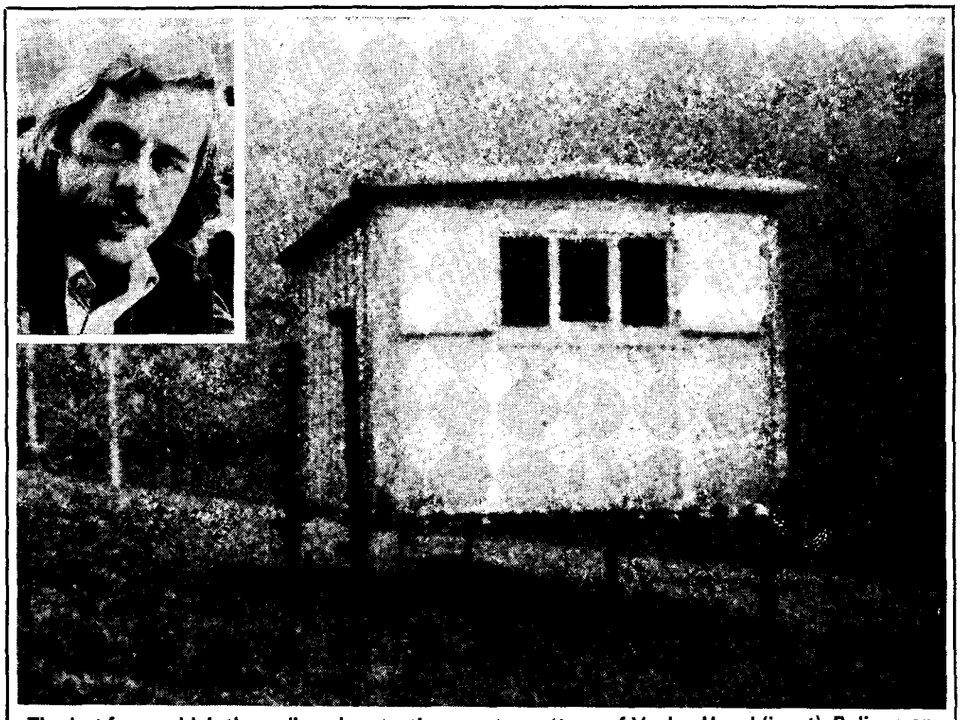

The hut from which the police observe the country cottage of Vaclav Havel (inset). Policemen, sometimes armed, accompany Havel on his shopping trips and when he exercises his dog.

natural legal protection'. Sabatova's husband, Petr Uhl, also recently criticised the Western press for being inaccurate and interested only in the famous. Failings which can be crucial because that press, he believes, 'represents also an important legal protection for us'. He noted that a report in *The Times* last year about a VONS statement on two workers from Southern Bohemia led to the charge being reduced from subversion to incitement. As a result the two men received relatively short sentences.

How much reason for gratitude human rights activists in Czechoslovakia have towards the Western press is a matter of debate. Since 1968 the Prague authorities have argued always 'time is on our side'. This had been borne out. Inevitably far more governments and journalists are prepared to accept the regime today than were prepared to accept it in 1968 – even though it has grown harsher, not more lenient. At the same time Western journalists often display a pack mentality. One year ago hundreds of articles described the plight of Czechoslovakia – only because it was the tenth anniversary of the invasion. This August, it is safe to predict, far fewer columns will be filled – only because eleven years is not a magic number.

THE TEN PEOPLE now facing trial are Vaclav Havel, playwright; Ota Bednarova, TV journalist, lately cleaner; Jarmila Belikova, psychologist, lately cleaner; Vaclav Benda, Charter 77 spokesman, mathematician and philosopher, lately stoker; Jiri Dienstbier, Charter 77 spokesman, journalist, lately clerk; Ladislav Lis, party official, lately forestry worker; Vaclav Maly, priest, lately unemployed; Dana Nemcova and Jiri Nemec, both formerly psychologists; and Petr Uhl, engineer, lately worker. They were all arrested before dawn on 29 May, a day clearly chosen because Western press attention would be concentrated on the Pope's visit to Poland. The group illustrates well the heterogeneous nature of the human rights movement – indeed its members represent the spectrum of political views in Czechoslovakia – from Trotskyites through supporters of Eurocommunism and social democrats to radical Christians. When they were arrested their homes were all thoroughly searched and all papers, documents and typewriters were seized. During their cross examination the interrogators asserted that VONS was an anti-social, illegal organisation hostile to the state since it spread slander at home and even abroad. What the interrogators sought to discover was how information about trials was obtained, who wrote the statements, copied them, how were they distributed, sent to the West and so on.

Since then the prosecution has drawn up a 6,000 page document outlining the 'offences' of the accused. The official indictments are now being drawn from this study. Unlike previous occasions, however, the defendants and their lawyers will be told of the precise indictments only at the very last moment. So much pressure has been put on the defence lawyers that it now appears that they are too scared to acquaint the nearest relatives of the defendants with the indictments before the trial as used to be the practice. The authorities do not want details of the charges to reach the West before the trial begins. The 6,000 page paper insists that one of VONS's main offences was to distribute its documents widely. It does not, however, quote much from these documents; clearly the prosecutors realise that the contents did not violate the law.

The authorities have this time concentrated on frustrating the defence. Havel's lawyer, Dr Josef Danisz, had to abandon the case on July 1 when he was expelled from the Prague Association of Lawyers. Danisz was expelled because in one of his defence speeches he made references to the infamous trials of the fifties and because he allowed himself to be driven twice by a Chartist to a court in a provincial town. This was a flimsy pretext, the real reason being Danisz's courageous defence, last January, of Charter 77 spokesman Dr Jaroslav Sabata who was arrested on the way to a border meeting between the Czech and Polish human rights activists. Danisz is appealing against unfair dismissal but a three year ban on his appearing in court has already been imposed upon him. All lawyers are now on notice that they had better behave as the government judges want them to. The authorities have drawn up lists of those lawyers who 'obstruct judicial proceedings' and those who are under suspicion of doing so. The defendants have so far asked four French lawyers to represent them but do not expect the authorities' approval.

This means that they will be defended by Czech lawyers who cannot afford to take a courageous stand. Indeed, a number of them will be represented by lawyers appointed by the court. Whether they are defended by lawyers of their own choice or not, the defendants are faced with high legal costs. For instance, for every legal service, even sitting in silently at an interrogation, the charge is 36 crowns (the average monthly salary is 2000 crowns). Furthermore, the defendants are charged 20 crowns a day for their "board and lodging" while detained in custody, despite presumption of innocence under Czechoslovak law. The Charter 77's Citizen's Assistance Fund has appealed to the West to cooperate in raising funds to defray legal costs. Last week the Labour Party's NEC decided to back the 'Charter 77 Defence Fund' led by MPs Reg Race and Phillip Whitehead. This is the first time the Labour Party has come out in full support of Czech dissidents.

Through June and July other Chartists and members of VONS have done what they can to continue to publicise the problems of their colleagues. They have been subject to continual harassment and worse. In early June one of the most outspoken of the Charter spokesmen, Zdena Tominova, was beaten up outside her home. Since then the police have 'protected' her by mounting a 24 hour surveillance outside her flat. Armed guards stand at the door to stop anyone entering. She was informed that the police had a duty to stop the

TRASH REHASHED

A REPLY TO THE ADVISORY COUNCIL ON THE MISUSE OF DRUGS.

The Council's recent report, *Review of the Classification of Drugs and Penalties under Schedules 2 and 4 of the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971,* to the Secretary of State is really a cannabis report. *Trash Rehashed* details its failures, omissions and errors of fact and presents the Campaign's proposals for legislative change.

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public entering places of danger. Even friends of her children have been stopped and taken away for interrogation. Mrs Tominova herself is interrogated almost every day. Her husband mounted a hunger strike against this intimidation last month. In the last few weeks the sons of Ota Bednarova, Jan and Jiri, were interrogated. So were Zina Kocova, Karel Freund, Svatopluk Karasek and many others. Such interrogations take place under a regulation which allows the police to 'request explanations'. The police issue constant threats, warning that anyone else connected with VONS will be arrested after this trial and that the Charter's 'channel to the West' will soon be destroyed.

The protests nonetheless continue with remarkable courage. Soon after the arrests in May the Charter announced that Prof Jiri Hajek, former Foreign Minister and Dr Ladislav Hejdanek, philosopher, had resumed the office of spokesmen whilst Dienstbier and Benda are in prison. Twelve new people joined VONS to ensure that 'the detention of eleven VONS members would not weaken VONS activity', despite a threat that they themselves could be imprisoned. At the end of June the Charter spokesmen wrote to the President of the Republic, Gustav Husak, to explain that VONS had broken no law; it had merely made representations to the government on behalf of those who thought that their rights had been violated:

> Instead of discussing these important and well founded suggestions in a businesslike manner, the submission and publication of them is declared by the Prosecution to be a criminal act ... Criticism of phenomena that contravene or are not in accordance with legal guarantees of civil rights and freedoms, as well as suggested remedies, cannot, without serious distortion, be described as anti-social activities. On the contrary they are designed to improve the health of society and to strengthen legality and citizens' awareness and understanding of the legal code.

They urged Husak to seek the truth of charges the Committee had made, and offered to serve on any commission of enquiry, so long as the accused were first released.

Last month 231 people signed another letter of protest to Husak, complaining about the arrest of VONS people and the assault upon Mrs Tominova. They wanted him to be aware of 'the frightening fact that not for the first time clearly terrorist methods are used in the fight against Charter 77.' In detailing VONS's work, they said

> We know of no humane state in which the publicly declared intention to abide by its constitution is a priori held as an intention to overthrow the system. We know of no civilised country in which the intention to defend people who are unjustly persecuted ... is presented as a misdemeanour, an admission of guilt.

It is very hard to explain let alone to rationalise the nature of Husak's police state and the dreary state of mind it aims to enforce. The Czechoslovak authorities have obligingly, however, helped provide an extraordinary visual testament to their rule. Last Christmas the police built a hut in a field opposite Vaclav Havel's country cottage. From this bunker on stilts they peered at and followed the playwright throughout the first half of this year. When Havel exercised his dog a policeman with a submachine gun followed close behind. When Havel went shopping, the police went too. With the help of the London-based Palach Press, Havel, his police bunker and his police watchmen were filmed. (The film *Under Surveillance* on BBC Panorama is to be shown on Monday 6 August at 11.05 p.m.) Thus we can see a secret film of the secret police carrying out their business together with Havel's own cheerful commentary on events. It is in one sense an extraordinarily good political joke – though less so when one considers that Havel himself is now facing ten years in prison. The prefabricated bunker outside the playwright's home is a perfect symbol of Husak's mean and sterile rule.

ROYALTY
Duncan Campbell

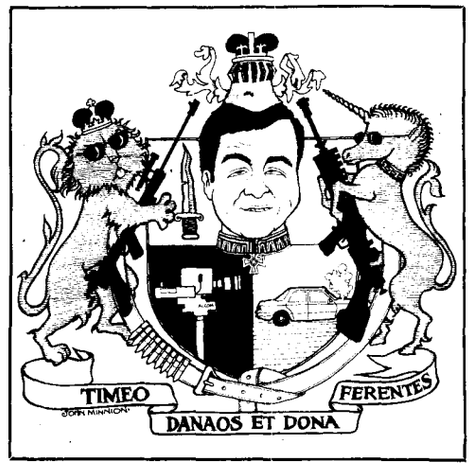
There is a future even for deposed monarchs

Hawkers by appointment

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL 'anti-terrorist' industry has thrown up many strange security enterprises and odd ideologies. But few could be stranger than a royal sales syndicate of disenthroned European aristocrats, orchestrated by an unscrupulous Greek businessman who made his fortune with the Beatles, financed by the Shah of Iran, all flogging bulletproof cars to vulnerable cousins who remain on their thrones. More curious despite the free use of the British royal family's name in selling efforts, the cars they sold were more lethal to be inside during an attack than an ordinary mini.

The architect of this royal sales syndicate is a Greek expatriate, Alexis Mardas, who has set up a chain of companies with an unusual line in security hardware. His most profitable business has come through the unusual if informal use of the former King of Greece as principal salesman. Ex-king Constantine of the Hellenes, now exiled in Britain, has spent not a little of his time fixing up contacts and contracts for Mardas. They have almost become hawkers by appointment to half a dozen royal families. Although the business has suffered embarrassing setbacks, the burgeoning 'anti-terror' trade continually provides fresh opportunities. As the Shah of Iran gathers his skirts to settle in Mexico, Constantine – who was at one time a so-called 'political adviser', although the idea now seems deeply satirical – has been in closer touch with him than most others have dared. But then the Shah was one of the first customers for Mardas's bulletproof cars and is understood to have supplied much of the finance behind his companies.

Royalty is the supreme old boy network – Queen Victoria's progeny and relatives were married almost everywhere. Even the contemporary *nouveau riche* lords of the Middle East believe that they too are blue blood



brothers and sisters, so it was natural that Constantine and, hot on his heels, Mardas should turn to them as some of the first potential customers for their line in guns, electronic bugs, body armour, riot gear and, especially, bulletproof cars. Unfortunately, the Greek line in armoured cars is somewhat Trojan: their security has been a little illusory, as the Sultan of Oman discovered.

He ordered six of the Mercedes 450 luxury limousines in 1977 and quickly discovered that he had stocked up with mobile bombs. The uncertain personal security of this despot is ensured by a substantial squad of ex-SAS British bodyguards who travel with him at all times. The SAS chaps, unwilling to trust their own security on the words of foreign businessmen, went out with the Sultan for a desert shootup in July 1977. One shot ruptured an 'emergency' air cylinder in the car being tested, which blew up the petrol tank and left the car a burnt-out wreck. The remaining cars were returned – with a writ to cover their cost.

King Hussein of Jordan, also the owner of a fleet of such cars, tried out a similar test in Amman in November. An eyewitness told NEW STATESMAN that the tests showed the cars to be 'more lethal' than ordinary cars. Bullets went straight through the 'armour'. The one inch thick armoured glass ejected dangerous splinters when fired on, which would cut any occupant to ribbons. A bullet, it was pointed out, might have missed. Hussein ordered the bulletproofing to be taken out of his cars.

These incidents merely persuaded Mardas and Constantine to shift their attention elsewhere – particularly to the growing European market for anti-terrorist protection. A year ago a London factory was set up specially to produce the 'bulletproofed' cars, financed by an investment of £1 million or more. Anonymous Monaco and Swiss bank accounts and company accounts kept to an uninformative minimum – even to employees – have obscured the source of this money which, it seems likely, is the Peacock Throne. The Shah, with his voracious appetite for security equipment of all kinds is now very lonely, very rich and very much in need of protection from his erstwhile subjects. He needs little encouragement to get more deeply involved in Mardas's unusual business.

ALEXIS MARDAS, A RIGHT-WING Athenian hustler, came to Britain in 1965. Like his father, a major in the Greek secret police, he is a keen monarchist. He began his career in the gossip columns with his fortuitous appointment as 'inventor' to John Lennon and the Beatles' Apple empire. Less fortuitously for the Beatles, his imaginative ideas cost them at least £300,000 for a variety of unlikely and highly speculative devices he had promised to invent. However, the flower power days lasted long enough for him to get Lennon to be the best man at his marriage.

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The marriage gave Mardas his foothold into the royal circles. His wife, the daughter of a renowned Greek architect, was a confidante of the exiled Greek royal family, then holed up in Rome. When the junta's 1973 referendum rejected the return of the monarchy, Constantine decamped to Britain, eventually settling in a house in Chobham, Surrey sold to him by a friend of Mardas and close to the talented inventor's own home. Their friendship blossomed. This is more than can be said for his business interests since the Beatles days which included a disastrous venture for the Beejam freezer group in which most of the production run of an electronic temperature control, worth £40,000, was left unsold. Things began to improve in 1974.

The year started in suitable manner with Mardas throwing a lavish party for the then Spanish heir, Prince Juan Carlos. Wild strawberries and other delicacies were provided at vast expense. Carlos, Constantine's brother-in-law, was delighted and contracts from Spain soon followed.

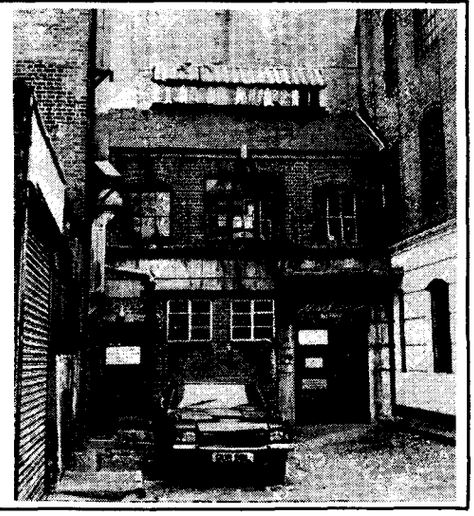
In the wake of the assassination of Admiral Carrero Blanco the royal household decided to acquire more bulletproof cars and one was sent to England – where it sat idle in Chobham for almost a year since no-one knew how to do the necessary work. The second Spanish contract, worth over £½ million, provided the financial basis to set up the new security equipment companies. The contract was to provide an extensive and sophisticated communications system, known as Project Alcom, for Juan Carlos. James Bond-like, it would link the Prince from wherever he was – in helicopter, car or yacht – to the palaces and security forces. The radio links were scrambled to prevent anyone from overhearing what was said.

A new company – Alcom Devices – was set up to handle the new business. Based in London's Edgware Road, its offices have been designed in the fashion of a second rate Star Wars film set with gaudy coloured walls and pipes, and radio controlled doors. Inside, visiting clients – who have included Prince Charles and other members of the House of Windsor – are entertained in a showroom stocked with guns, electronic bugs and surveillance equipment. There is also an office in Madrid, run by a former British secret service agent, which has recently been involved in security contracts for the Spanish airports.

Constantine provided Mardas with his introduction to the Shah and King Hussein of Jordan. Soon an old Sandhurst colleague of Hussein's – Sultan Qaboos of Oman – joined the royal queue for bulletproof cars. These started leaving the production line late in 1976. They were built by a firm of North London coachbuilders to specifications from a subsidiary of Alcom Devices. They were armoured with 'soft armour' – instead of using sheets of steel, the car body was lined with a tightly woven and bonded type of glassfibre called Kevlar. But this type of protection on its own is quite insufficient to stop heavy or high velocity ammunition; besides this, the inexperienced designers employed by Alcom had left many areas of the car body unguarded. According to one expert with detailed knowledge of the construction methods employed, they were 'worse than useless'.

Yet by the summer of 1977, 22 cars had been delivered to Jordan, Spain, Oman and Iran. Feelers were put out to Buckingham Palace on the royal network (Constantine is Prince Philip's cousin, and periodically sees him and the Prince of Wales). And members of the same family were called on elsewhere, such as Denmark (Constantine's wife is a member of the Danish royal family), Morocco (King Hassan was a close friend of Constantine's and has recently accommodated the itinerant Shah), and the Netherlands.

Chris Davies



In a scruffy London backstreet, St Albans Mews off Edgware Road, the headquarters of the royal sales syndicate. Inside, a gaudy sci-fi interior and a showroom stocked with guns and gadgets. Just across Edgware Road from the HQ, a public showroom attached to a hi-fi shop, 'Sound Sense', openly sells the Mardas range of bugs, many of them illegal in the UK.

In October 1977, Mardas took advantage of a macabre opportunity to cash in on the kidnapping and subsequent death of the German industrialist, Hans-Martin Schleyer. A major German sales campaign was mounted, and Prince George of Hanover (Prince Charles' uncle) was provided with a white demonstration car to show around. Experts from the State Criminal Office visited Aldershot to view a series of tests on a bulletproofed car door on the British Army's ranges in September 1977. A trickle of business followed.

In Italy too, the rising tide of terrorist and criminal kidnappings offered a prolific market and use was made of the services of Prince Windischgratz – another cousin of Constantine's, though actually an Austrian as the Italian royal family had long since been dispersed. In the Netherlands, Prince Christian (another cousin) made attempts to interest the royal family, police and security forces. Shamelessly using the name of a well known rifle to bolster his prestige, Mardas formed a new company, Armalite, to deal exclusively in bulletproof cars.

New problems began however, when the Mercedes Benz company refused to approve the conversions carried out by Armalite. And the West German Ministry of Transport would not issue a roadworthiness certificate, effectively making the use of the cars illegal. This fact did not discourage the company's handful of aristocratic or wealthy customers. Prince George of Hanover took delivery of the 'demonstration' car, a 450-69 Mercedes limousine, at the start of 1978.

Then news started to leak out of the disasters in Oman and Jordan. Sultan Qaboos and King Hussein had each tested a sample of their 'bulletproof' fleets, which had cost £40,000 each to convert. The Sultan of Oman's remaining cars had been sent back to Britain and stood forlornly for many months on a freightyard at Stansted airport. The affair

Camera Press

Alexis Mardas (left), the electronic wizard, in his heroic Beatles days.

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threatened to sour Constantine's friendships in the Middle East. It certainly soured Mardas's: when, by coincidence, both he and Hussein were dining at the same Mayfair restaurant this March, he had to be restrained by Special Branch detectives from approaching the king.

But Mardas and Constantine were convinced that success could be snatched from the jaws of the disaster. The backers were persuaded to increase their investment. The Middle Eastern incidents were explained away with regal adeptness. And a new initiative was taken to give substance to the royal syndicate's sales efforts.

IN SOME SECRECY a new factory for Armalite was rented at Standard Road, Park Royal in northwest London. A friend of King Constantine joined the Armalite board to supervise its activities, a specialist staff of motor trade specialists was hired and more finance arrived. Parts for no less than 125 Mercedes were ordered, at a cost of over £½ million, to try and corner the market.

A new demonstration was arranged at the military trials ground in Bisley, Surrey, in May 1978. Constantine's prestige was used to attract the presence of senior British, German and Middle Eastern security experts. A promotional film, which relied strongly on the presence of such dignitaries, was made without their knowledge, and has been shown to overseas customers by Armalite. One such spectator – Ulrich Wegener, the well known leader of the German anti-terrorist GSG9 group, which carried out the Mogadishu operation – was outraged to discover that his presence at the trial was featured in the film. Others whose prestige had been added to Armalite's products by the judicious use of close-ups included a senior British military officer and Equerry to the Queen, Ministry of Defence officials, and Iranian palace guards.

Colonel Wegener added that he had not been convinced of the authenticity of the demonstration. British security specialists commented similarly to the NEW STATESMAN; it was, one said, 'a circus'. Although bullets had been fired at a bulletproofed car, the tests did not include the normal scientific measurements of the bullets' final velocity or other important characteristics.

Armalite sources confirm these experts' impressions. The specifications advertised by the company were 'just made up' and 'cannot be supported'. Mardas and his assistants had never carried out any scientific tests on their armour or its characteristics. Somewhat belatedly, some of the Armalite cars were fitted with an extra layer of dense ceramic tiles which did give useful additional protection. But this nearly doubled the extra weight of the bulletproofing – which had at 210 kg already made the cars' performance difficult. Armalite literature continued to advertise the lower weight, as well as other fantasies. One leaflet offered a four wheel drive Mercedes, a proposition which certainly startled the cars, manufacturers. Unsurprisingly, no orders from security agencies followed the Bisley trial.

Other prospective customers were not so unimpressed, and the princes continued to work hard. Prince George successfully sold about half a dozen. He told business acquaintances that he received commission on his sales – unlike his relatives, he was not particularly well off. Prince Christian was apparently pipped to the post on Netherlands sales by another German, a Herr von West (royal relationship unknown) who late in 1978 was negotiating to supply the Dutch Queen Juliana with a Rolls-Royce bulletproofed by Armalite. In Denmark, King Constantine himself was the 'go-between', according to a Danish magazine, in the sale of one of the Sultan of Oman's rejects to his own mother-in-law Queen Ingrid, the Danish Queen Mother. The car, to protect her grandchildren, two royal princes aged 10 and 11, from attack or kidnapping, is unmodified from the time when it was sent back from Oman, but has been sprayed dark blue instead of silver. Any attack on the car could well be as lethal as the Sultan of Oman's own test proved. Already the car has suffered from the Kevlar bullet-proofing falling off and damaging the tyres. It had to be returned to London for modifications.

(Keystone)

King Constantine (left) and Juan Carlos on holiday. Holding a baby may be considerably safer than some of their other joint activities.

It is difficult to see how Constantine could be unaware of the origin of the car, or of its defects. Business associates of Mardas say he put in 'work and pressure' concluding the Danish deal. His private secretary, Brigadier Arnaoutis, has commented however that the ex-king had been the 'victim of crooks' – but would not elaborate.

Another of the Sultan of Oman's rejects, a gold Mercedes was hired out to Mrs Gandhi to protect her on her visit to Britain last autumn. The hiring again appears to have been arranged by King Constantine, whom she visited during her stay. Other Omani rejects remain unsold.

Attempts at modifying a Range Rover have also been unsuccessful. This vehicle, destined for Juan Carlos, was completed at the Park Royal factory last August, under Constantine's personal supervision as he wanted it delivered whilst he was holidaying with Juan Carlos in Majorca. When it arrived, Juan Carlos could hardly wait to drive it. His first test drive had the Armalite representative who delivered it in fear of his life: Juan Carlos did not notice that the vehicle was enormously top-heavy with armoured glass and other accessories, which dangerously exaggerated its already difficult steering and stability. When Carlos's staff advised against the vehicle's use, a dismayed Constantine took it off on a precarious voyage round the hillside Majorcan roads, survived and pronounced it safe. His assurances were insufficient however and the car was sent back. But happily two North Yemeni businessmen, purchasing on behalf of their government were persuaded to buy the vehicle by the ingenious device of telling them that no sum offered would be enough to divert such an exquisite vehicle from its intended customer, the King of Spain. A sufficient sum was offered.

WHILST MARDAS and Constantine arranged the spectacular placements, the European Princes attempted to organise the more humdrum paying business. Prince Windischgratz of Austria arranged a meeting in October 1978 with Fiat executives in Rome to commence a joint venture for the Italian market. The idea was to bulletproof the modest Fiat 132 saloon on the premise that ostentatious or large cars invited terrorist attention. In Munich, Prince George of Hanover arranged a deal with BMW to bulletproof two sample cars from their luxury range. Although the duly bulletproofed cars were sent back in spring 1978, the deal foundered. BMW found the cars wholly unacceptable, and refused even to cough up more than £50,000 for the work done. With the failure of both the BMW and the Fiat deals, sales from the Armalite factory, known as Unit 4, plummeted towards the end of last year.

The sinking reputation and the escalating disaster of the Armalite business has not deterred Constantine. Last November, he, Prince George and others got together for Prince Charles's birthday party at Buckingham Palace. Constantine gave him a present of an expensive German car radio and the Prince of Wales' Aston Martin was sent to Armalite for the conversion. When Constantine delivered it, Mardas added a bullet-proof vest on the back seat as his own offering.

Buckingham Palace officials deny that Prince Charles or Prince Philip have visited Mardas's showrooms, despite claims by employees to the contrary. Prince Charles's office admits to 'knowing Mr Mardas', but only through Constantine. Mardas frequently refers to alleged visits to his premises by Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Lord Mountbatten. Although some of this may be fanciful, we have evidence that as recently as last October Constantine arranged a trip to the Unit 4 factory by Prince Charles and himself, which was only called off as Prince Charles went abroad.

Whatever the truth, there is little doubt that Mardas's sales efforts have benefited from whatever shallow substance his connections with Buckingham Palace have. King Constantine is sufficiently close to their British majesties to make the exact truth remote, even unimportant. There seems little doubt that the names of Prince Charles and Prince Philip are being bandied about by con-men with a degree of credibility that should not be possible. Like their blue-bloodied relatives, they may have an insufficient ability to see the tawdry reality behind the glittering crown.

Drunk

The editorial pencil got out of control in last week's article by Roger Protz on lager. The reference to Carlsberg should have read: 'Carlsberg . . . is produced in Northampton, a town rich in Danish tradition, and also by the Watney Mann and Truman division of Grand Metropolitan', as everyone, including Roger Protz, knows.

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KOREA
Donald Kirk

Human rights go by the board as US troops remain

Propping up President Park

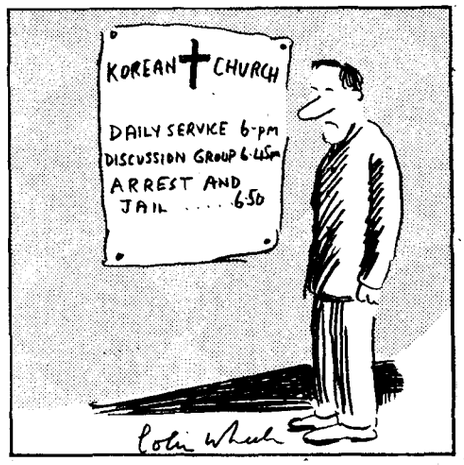
THE GLITTER of the passage of America's highest-titled human rights advocate through a client state on the frontier of the 'free world' has worn off. South Korea's President Park Chung-Hee, jolted by President Carter's plea for human rights at a state banquet at the end of June, can relax in the certainty that nothing has changed in the American position. South Korean officials stonily refuse to comment on the list of 200 political prisoners whose release was demanded during Carter's visit by US Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Instead they rejoice in the news that Carter has exchanged 'idealism' for 'pragmatism' and will leave America's 30,000 ground troops in place after having promised to withdraw them as recently as last Autumn.

Tae Wan-Won, the leader of a bloc of 77 assemblymen appointed by Park to the National Assembly, signalled the mood last week by saying flatly: 'Restrictions on freedom will continue'. Tae denied Park would lift his infamous Emergency Decree 9, issued on 13 May 1975, outlawing criticism of Park or his Yushin 'reform' constitution, under which he had centralised his rule three years earlier.

The vendetta against critics in South Korea has intensified markedly since Carter's election on a platform calling for 'human' rights as a serious criterion in foreign relations. The main reason, as Tae's comments indicated, is that Park has more to fear now than ever before from urban workers and farmers increasingly dissatisfied with the price they have paid for South Korea's highly exaggerated economic boom. True, South Korea's gross national product last year reached $46 billion, but Korean economists have already scaled down their estimates for progress this year. The Government predicts a growth rate of eight per cent, down from earlier estimates of nine per cent, while the Federation of Korean industries puts it at somewhere between nil and 0·5 per cent.

For most Koreans, economic conditions were worse than those figures imply. Wages are going up by only 30 per cent a year while living costs are rising by more than 40 per cent with the sharpest increases in rent, food and fuel. Government planners have promised to slow down development, but economists and intellectuals outside the ruling elite believe they may have awakened too late to the dilemma. The Rev. Kim Kwan-Suk, General Secretary of the Korean National Council of Churches and one of Park's most formidable critics, warned of the danger two years ago – and paid the price with a six-month term in prison. 'Represive measures will be increased', he predicted in a conversation with me, 'as the economy deteriorates'.

COMPARISONS WITH Iran's pre-revolutionary days are common currency here. Missionaries and clergymen, leaders of dissent from the period of Japanese rule before World War II, are encouraging movements for workers' rights despite all the government tries to do to prevent them. I attended a packed prayer meeting at which speakers defied plain-clothed security police and Korean Central Intelligence Agency operatives crowding the doors, and denounced the



regime's efforts to smash the growing bond between clergy and workers.

The immediate cause for the meeting was the round-up by the KCIA in March of some 200 staff members and trainees of the Korean Christian Academy, financed by church groups in West Germany, Britain and Canada, for having discussed 'revolutionary' ideas in courses dealing with rural and labour leadership, and women's rights. As evidence, the KCIA said academy teachers had assigned books highlighting 'positive aspects of socialism' – among them histories of ideology and the Korean women's emancipation movement. In the end the prosecutor indicted six academy staff members and one professor. 'They beat them with sticks, they were naked', an academy official told me. 'They refuse to release them and their families are under house arrest.' The seven went on trial last week.

The authorities move with equal ferocity against signs of slowdowns or strikes, which are illegal. Company managers and government bureaucrats control the unions, which often cannot select their own representatives. The most notorious episode occurred at the Dong Il Textile factory in Inchon in February of last year when a woman connected to the Urban Industrial Mission, another church-supported workers' organisation, seemed likely to win election for president of the factory union.

On the day of the election a gang invaded the union headquarters carrying buckets of excrement. They smeared it all over the office, threw some at the female workers, called them whores and totally disrupted the election. Eight or ten policemen, asked beforehand to supervise the voting, laughed derisively – and did nothing. Subsequently workers fought police at least six times either at the plant or outside the courtrooms at which they were tried. Dong Il bosses dismissed 126 of them for refusing to sign loyalty pledges after a hunger strike. Six young women were sentenced to six months apiece for seizing a microphone at a mass religious service and shouting for the workers' right to organise, demonstrate and bargain.

The regime's concern has deepened with awareness that the Korean bubble could burst in a period of rising oil prices and increasing competition from other 'cheap labour markets', notably Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore. Dong Il precipitated the latest phase in repression of social activists. Last September, police invaded a prayer meeting here, beating worshippers and ministers as they discussed the case. Torture techniques such as electric shocks and forced squatting with bars behind knees have been resumed after a brief hiatus.

THE CURRENT CRACKDOWN is the other side of the prosperity story that has become a stock feature in the Western press. Visiting journalists, often invited at Korean government expense and wined, dined and womanised at merry parties, usually overlook the plight of the Korean worker: he or she puts in six or seven days a week on a monotonous job with little or no chance of advancement, earning barely enough for food and rent for a tiny unheated room, devoid of running water or toilet.

The workers themselves are understandably afraid to speak up, but several young women talked to me at one of the branches of the Urban Industrial Mission. All were earning between three and four dollars a day. All had been arrested previously but insisted on agitating for their rights. 'They do not give any kind of rest day', said one who had spent the last seven years labouring over a machine that spins and starches thread. 'There's no more Sundays off. That's a company rule. Our labour law says six days a week, but if I report to the Government, then I get into trouble.'

Another woman said she put in eight hours a day 'except Sundays when we work twelve hours'. She described her company as 'hell' compared to another from which she was fired for her efforts on behalf of co-workers. 'They're so strictly controlled, they say when you can go to the lavatory', she said. 'They use abusive language and slap people.' She laughed at the process of selecting union

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"In life, the unforeseeable presents an exciting challenge. In wine it is usually a disaster."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE
RED & WHITE VIN DE TABLE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE
For once, don't worry about the wine.

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officials. 'One week we "voted" for a representative, but we did not know there was an "election". They just announced the winner.'

Leaders of the Urban Industrial Mission, like other opponents of the government, do not hide their misgivings over the implications of Carter's mission here. 'It is very dangerous', said a Presbyterian Clergyman, the Reverend In Myung-Gin, jailed for seven months last year for delivering a sermon with biblical quotations about 'evil' in high places. The Reverend In's voice rose in intensity as he talked to me outside a small UIM office at which he counsels young workers. 'After Carter goes', he said, 'many people worry – many will go to jail.'

The government managed to keep President Carter from the reality of 'Korean-style democracy' (a favourite phrase in government propaganda). As Kim Dae-Jung, Park's last political opponent, who won 45 per cent of the votes in the 1971 presidential election, remarked: 'America's leaders have not yet learned from Vietnam'.

ZIMBABWE
Christopher Hitchens

Muzorewa can't help Thatcher off the hook in Lusaka

More money for the whites

A VENERABLE South African joke has an Afrikaner mining engineer returning home from a long stint in the Zambian copper belt. In the streets of Pretoria he sees a handsome limousine go whispering past, with a white man reclining in the back. Asking his friend about the identity of the occupant the Afrikaner receives the information that it is a government minister on his way to work. 'Christ man,' says the grizzled engineer, 'up in Zambia we have kaffirs to do all that.' This joke has failed to catch on in Salisbury (as I can personally testify) because it is a touch near the bone. Africans however, can be heard saying that Mr Ian Smith, officially Minister without portfolio, is in fact the Minister with all portfolios.

Still, if there is one thing which sustains white morale and fuels Muzorewa's propaganda it is the feeling that the rest of the world, and in particular the Afro-Asian Third World, is applying 'double standards'. The mere mention of the Organisation of African Unity or of the Commonwealth is enough to bring (in the case of the Rhodesian Front at least) an angry hue to the cheeks. How can anyone prefer the jungly chaos of independent Africa to the well-ordered and humane arrangements south of the Zambezi? And haven't we done enough? Isn't there a black 'Prime Minister' for Chrissake? And aren't white boys dying in the bush to defend him? As the Commonwealth Conference approached, this line of talk became more and more hoarse. The idea of Her Majesty the Queen flying over from Malawi to Zambia and only catching a glimpse of the well-run and efficient Victoria Falls on her way seemed to many Rhodesians the ultimate betrayal.

Nevertheless, elements of realism keep seeping through. In a recent editorial, one of the white newspapers had this to say:

> Rhodesians used to point scornfully at the destruction of the freedoms in 'countries to the north of us'. But we have long lost the right to point a finger. Our guilt is greater, for we knew better. We had the right traditions, yet we cast aside the freedoms one by one.

It has also dawned on an increasing number of people that while there could perhaps have been an 'internal settlement' five or ten years ago, things have moved on a bit since then. Nearly a quarter of a million black Zimbabweans are living in neighbouring countries in camps run by the Patriotic Front. Large tracts of the country remain under Front control. This was not the case when Wilson and Douglas-Home were planning their respective discreet and genteel sell-outs. There was a time when a British government could have moulded the 'six principles' in such a way as to lead to a respectable neo-colony. But that caravan passed on a long time ago. And Mrs Thatcher most certainly will not be able to try again without a hard confrontation with the new strength of independent Africa. If the Bishop had given her a few concessions to flourish in Lusaka she might have had a chance. As it is the blacksmith has sent her naked into the conference chamber.

SOME DIM recognition of this fact has permeated the Salisbury political scene in the last few days. The *Rhodesia Herald*, normally given over to the reprinting of government communiqués and the recycling of official propaganda, amazed its readers on Monday by the suggestion of a new constitution, a referendum to endorse it, and internationally supervised elections. Cosmetic measures, such as the dropping of 'Rhodesia' from the ludicrous national tandem of names were judged by the *Herald* to be insufficient. Since the paper does not exactly operate from a basis of editorial independence, there is a slim chance that forces within Muzorewa's coalition (many of them related by village and political background to Robert Mugabe's forces) may now be in favour of dealing with the Patriotic Front.

Meanwhile, the two arch wheeler-dealers Sithole and Chikerema have been trying to clean up their act. Both mysteriously went out of touch last week, and seem to have met somewhere out of the country to cement an alliance against Muzorewa within the limits of the internal settlement. It is a certainty that they tried to open a line to the 'external forces', and it was very noticeable that on his return Sithole spoke of the 'Rhodesian Army' having shot his militiamen rather than the usual polite locution of 'Zimbabwe-Rhodesian'. Considering that only a few months ago Sithole was signing martial law orders committing whole tribal areas to military rule, this is movement of a kind.

Naturally enough Ian Smith has noticed this and set his face against it. In his few public utterances he has reiterated defiant opposition to any changes in the constitution and any diminution in the political or economic veto reserved for whites. The unspoken element in all his remarks is the threat of a withdrawal of white skills and resources. The dilemma was underlined most emphatically last week, when David Smith presented his first budget to a sycophantic House of Assembly. He made no mention of any programme to alleviate the misery of the black townships, but concentrated instead on increased holiday allowances for Europeans and tax relief for business. As Smith sat down Muzorewa slapped him warmly on the back. The remainder of the national exchequer, we learned, is to be spent on winning the war – so much for Muzorewa's promise that the guerrillas would return when he was in power.

In truth, there are not many concessions which Muzorewa can make in order to smooth Thatcher's path. Whatever happens in Lusaka, it will now take more than the manoeuvres of the Australians to rescue her from her instincts.

Oilgate notebook

■ BP has just issued an internal memo sternly warning senior executives that 'sensitive communications which could lead to political reactions ... are not to fall into the wrong hands'.

This latest advice follows receipt of a telex from BP Nigeria in which the head of the local company complained of 'embarrassing and potentially dangerous' practices. The unmentionable practice is understood to be the despatch of messages from BP's head office to all overseas subsidiaries. These messages have a list of recipients attached and the fact that BP South Africa is included on BP's regular mailing list has proved extremely 'embarrassing' in Lagos.

The BP warning to staff at Britannic House goes on to give special guidelines for communications with Nigeria: 'No sensitive material should reach the country, and specifically BP Nigeria. Sensitive in this context means any references to South Africa, Rhodesia and Israel.' Clearly, BP is concerned that the Nigerian Government may be looking for further excuses to retaliate against the company because of its involvement in Southern Africa.

■ Bingham discovered that Castrol oil products were reaching Rhodesia. He had, he said, 'pursued the matter with Castrol Limited so far as possible but without obtaining any clear picture as to how these products reached Rhodesia'. Dr Owen then told Parliament that 'the DPP will be already considering whether to investigate the matter further'.

The Attorney General has just revealed that the DPP has *not* initiated any investigation into Castrol – an unfortunate situation, particularly since Denis Thatcher was a director of Castrol for most of the period since UDI.

■ In December 1977 the Beck Company was fined for selling £27,000 worth of petrol *pumps* to Rhodesia. Yet even now, nearly fourteen years after UDI, no British firm has yet been prosecuted for supplying the oil which was actually pumped through this equipment.

■ Once more Parliament has received some misleading 'assurances' about whether BP oil is reaching Rhodesia. Last month [i.e. in July] the Prime Minister told the Commons that the BP/Conoco swap arrangements had been made 'in circumstances which ensure that the swap oil will not go to Rhodesia'. Just one day later the House of Lords was told a slightly different story – the Government 'simply could not guarantee that none of the swap oil would go to Rhodesia'. Devotees of the Oilgate story will recall that this is not exactly the first time that Parliament has been the victim of false assurances over Rhodesian sanctions.

Martin Bailey

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Lebanon Diary

☐There is an unwritten but rarely broken newspaper rule that you should never confuse your readers by writing about two human tragedies at the same time. Write about the war in Nicaragua at enormous length for example, but ignore what's happening in Eritrea. This rule, or convention if you like, seems to be the main reason why Fleet Street is currently ignoring the appalling plight of the native Lebanese and their Palestinian neighbours in south Lebanon. Thousands of people are now on the move northwards to Beirut and in all two hundred thousand have been displaced by what is simply a campaign of military terror conducted against them by the Israeli army, navy and airforce and its Lebanese Christian allies. People are being bombed, rocketed, shelled and shot all over south Lebanon but their sufferings have been almost entirely ignored. The problem is that Fleet Street already has a rattling good refugee yarn with great interviews and pictures but it is on the other side of the world on the waters and coasts of Vietnam's neighbours in south east Asia.

☐ The Sunday before last was beautiful and sunny in Lebanon as indeed it always is at this time of the year. The picknickers come out in their thousands and not surprisingly it was holidaymakers who were the largest component of the mixed bag the Israeli airforce collected that day when they bombed and strafed the beach areas south of Sidon in their never ending hunt for Palestinian 'terrorists'. As far as I know, they did kill two or three guerrillas – the rest of the sixteen killed and most of the sixty-five injured were Lebanese picknickers and refugees moving away from the shelling further south. The Israeli score since the summer began is about two hundred killed – with civilians outnumbering Palestinian military men by twenty to one with about four times that number wounded. Every air, land and sea attack (heavy fire from gunboat artillery) frightens a few more civilians out of their homes (the guerrillas of course stay put) and the end result is that south Lebanon is becoming a fragrant wasteland of ruined and deserted houses standing amid the now untended but laden orange groves. My Palestinian friends say the Israelis are using their classic tactics first seen in Palestine of frightening away the Arab population before moving in to claim land they say has been 'abandoned' by its owners. Needless to say everyone in the south expects another Israeli invasion later in the year but this time they think the Israelis will stay nominally as the invited 'guests' of their right wing Christian allies.

☐ Israeli tactics in south Lebanon make the Vietnamese look positively gentlemanly by comparison (at least the boat people aren't fleeing ahead of the guns) but the voices raised in outrage about what is happening in Vietnam are silent about what is happening in Lebanon. In fact only one government could put some sort of a rein on the Israelis, but the Americans just don't have the nerve to muzzle their little tigers. The reason is simply that with the Shah and Somoza on the run and Salt II already in jeopardy, Carter has only one foreign policy success (one success of any kind?) to his name, and that is the 'peace' treaty between Israel and Egypt which followed the Camp David talks. Carter must preserve the fiction that he has started the peace processes in the middle east and he dare not endanger it by offending the Israelis in any way. Poor silly Sadat doesn't count because he has nowhere else to go, but the Israelis could ruin everything if they're not allowed to use their Phantoms to blow Lebanese orange pickers away. So it would appear that anywhere south of Sidon is going to be a free fire zone for the gallant aces of the Israeli Air Force for some time to come.

☐ The Israelis in fact seem to have the same attitude towards the Arabs of south Lebanon as Hopalong Cassidy did towards Indians – namely that the only good ones are dead ones. Over the years I have seen dozens of dead women and children killed by Israeli attacks in the south – and very few corpses of young men let alone young men in the green fatigues that Palestinian militia groups now almost always wear. A Norwegian-Swedish medical team in the Rachidiye Palestinian refugee camp near Tyre told me that the current regular shelling had no pattern to it and did not seem to be targeted. The school has been hit often enough to make classes impossible and the shells used have included white phosphorus which burns through to the bone on impact. The medical team has lost batch after batch of vaccines due to the failure of their refrigerator when the main electricity supply is hit. 'We have a generator but it is so noisy it drowns the sound of the planes, so it is too dangerous to run.' There are bunkers which are useful in air raids, but they are no use against the first shelling of the day – 'You hear the bang of the shell going off, then you have between two and three seconds to hit the ground before the shell arrives and explodes – you don't have time to get to the bunker.' If the Israelis know exactly what they are doing, they are killing innocent women and children on purpose; if they're firing randomly then they don't care who they kill – of course to a ten year old with his legs blown off it's little comfort to know there was nothing personal in it.

☐ Meanwhile back in Beirut people hump their backs and get on with the business of living under what is really a heavily armed truce. The shops are all open, the food as good as ever and the locals as crushingly hospitable as always. Right now people flock to the beaches when they can and the most spectacular looking fourteen year old girls in the smallest bikinis along the Mediterranean can be seen swimming in pools built by the ruins of Beirut's once great hotels. The latest addition to the social scene is an extraordinary beach complex called "Summerland" which has just opened on one of the south western beaches. It is reputed to have cost twenty five million dollars, and is a mass of pools, saunas, cabanas, sunken grottoes, restaurants and a disco where, if you can force your way through the crowds, whisky costs about twenty five pounds a bottle. You could get puritan about it and say it's a terrible waste of money in a city wrecked by civil war, but the Lebanese see it as a sign of better things to come. The Levantine reasoning is that no man smart enough to have made twenty five million dollars would risk building a place like Summerland unless he knew the real fighting was over.

☐ My own feeling is that a lasting peace in Lebanon is a long way off – about as far away as the return of the Palestinians to their homeland. But the truce could last for a long time – if only because the various warring factions have other things on their minds right now. The Lebanese left is still searching for a leader to replace the murdered Kamal Jumblatt and the Palestinians are avoiding military involvements as they build their political image in the wake of Arafat's triumphant meeting with Kreisky and Brandt in Vienna. On the other side, the Christians are disunited and also too scared of the Syrian peacekeeping forces to try any military adventures. As usual, nobody knows what the Syrians are thinking but the current feeling is that their own internal politico-religious troubles are so pressing that they cannot afford to stir up fractionalism in Lebanon as they have sometimes done in the past.

☐ The Syrians are, however, everywhere – over thirty thousand troops and God knows how many members of their various secret services. The spooks are everywhere and their presence has prompted dozens of Syrian jokes (sample: never go to a dentist in Damascus, they drill through the top of your head to take your teeth out because nobody in Syria will open his mouth in the presence of a stranger). My favourite joke is the one about the Beiruti talking to his friend about the terrible events of the previous night. 'I was walking along just outside my house when two Swiss jumped on me, beat me up and stole my Syrian watch.' Friend: 'Are you sure you got that right? Don't you mean that two Syrians jumped on you and stole your Swiss watch?' . . . 'You said it. You said it!'

Christopher Bourne

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Sir Peter Parker, chairman of British Rail, came out strongly in favour of a Channel tunnel yesterday. The Continent had been isolated for far too long, Sir Peter, the former chairman of Rockware Glass, told members of the Glass Manufacturers' Association at their annual lunch in London. – *Financial Times* (C. R. Mann)

☐ 'My father was brought up very true blue, all for private enterprise. He even stands up when she comes on the telly. The greatest moment in his life was when he was at Cowes and Edward Heath sailed by eating a sandwich. I think father *bowed*. I was amazed to find that he'd changed his allegiance to her, seeing she's a woman.' *Observer* (C. Davies)

☐ 'It was his idea, though I would have thought it odd if we hadn't had an engagement notice in the paper. When you become engaged, you naturally announce it in the *Daily Telegraph*.' – *News of the World* (Mike Sones)

☐ Wandsworth Council say young women are deliberately becoming pregnant to get rehoused. The council's deputy housing chairman, Mrs Stephanie McKenzie-Hill, said 143 pregnant women qualified to be rehoused in this way. – *Evening Standard* (Gregory Tesser)

☐ 1977 (R) Renault 30 TS. Man. Metallic beige with tan intr. One owner. Fitted with Blaupunkt stereo cassette player. One titled owner: £3,595. – *The Times* (Alan Wilson)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Defence of Telecommunications

From David Norman, General Treasurer, Post Office Engineering Union

The article by Christopher Hird and Patrick Wintour 'Last Days of the Post Office (NS 6 July) is riddled with inaccuracies and like most pieces on the subject it shows an obsession with the problems of the Postal Business, virtually neglecting the larger and expanding Telecommunications side. I should explain that our Union, unlike many others, has for many years followed a 'high productivity – high wage' bargaining strategy. Our members have made a massive contribution to improving the productivity of the Telecommunications system by co-operating in the introduction of new working practices and new equipment in return for fair financial rewards. The flexibility which such productivity bargaining has brought has enabled the Post Office to undertake a rapid expansion of the Telecommunications Business in the past 15 years, with a growth rate that puts most British industries – public or private sector – to shame. In addition the Post Office now leads most European countries in the range of Telecommunications services it provides. We have Europe's largest system for the transmission of computer data, and the Post Office has recently introduced its new information service 'Prestel', which is technically in advance of any system in the Western world. Such changes are only possible with the right industrial relations climate, one in which all trade union members affected by changing technology recognise that they are receiving a fair share of the rewards, both in money and in general conditions of service. It is also vital that if workers are to accept new technologies they must have firm guarantees that their job security will not be affected. The progress which the Post Office Engineering Union has been able to make in this direction, in conjunction with a relatively enlightened and forward-looking Post Office management, should not be derided. In fact, it may be that the lessons we have learned are of a wider application.

Hird and Wintour make reference to 'last year's long strike by the Post Office Engineers (sic) Union' for a 35-hour week, and state that the motivation of our claim for shorter hours was the threat to jobs posed by the introduction of new technology. This is incorrect on several counts. First of all, our Union did not engage in large-scale strike action, but only in more limited forms of industrial action, and it was the first time in our history that we have found it necessary to do so. Our claim for shorter hours was not primarily motivated by the direct threat to jobs, but by the continuing desire of our members to obtain what we believe to be our rightful share of the benefits which flow from technical change. For whilst shorter hours can possibly play some part in bringing about job sharing in the face of changing technology, we see it as being far more important that, in the light of a great deal of dismal and ill-informed talk from certain sections of the trade union movement concerning the threat to employment posed by the electronic revolution, that each individual member should have a personal guarantee of their future security. We have, therefore, recently concluded a Job Security Agreement with the Post Office which we believe is a milestone in British industrial relations guaranteeing that there will be no compulsory redundancy for any of our members in Post Office employment.

We would dispute the authors' claim that the performance of the British Telecommunications Business shows up badly in most international comparisons. I have already referred to the record in terms of rising labour productivity and the range of services offered, and we also believe that the quality of service statistics stands up to comparison with most of the larger European countries. The continuing capital investment programme in new equipment will make further improvements in the quality of service provided to customers as the years go by. But such capital investment is dependent on the maintenance of a high level of profits available to be ploughed back into the business.

We do not see that the binding together of the two businesses is any great institutional defence against the hiving-off of either section. We are convinced that the present Government will, having considered the issues carefully, recognise the national benefits which are derived from the exclusive right of the Post Office to provide service. Attempts to hive-off the lucrative parts of either the Postal side or the Telecommunications side – if carried to an extreme – could leave the public businesses with a 'rump' of run-down uneconomical services, and this would inevitably lead to an overall decline in the standard of service provided to the public. Furthermore, in the case of Telecommunications, if areas of the supply of Telecommunications equipment currently provided exclusively by the Post Office were opened up to private companies, the main effect would be that a massive amount of imports would be sucked in from Japan, Italy and the United States, at the expense of British companies who currently provide the vast majority of all Post Office equipment. Such a move would have disastrous implications both for the balance of payments and for employment prospects in Britain, and would further weaken Britain's manufacturing base in the important field of electronics.

We believe that the arguments against hiving-off stand in their own right, totally separate from the overwhelming weight of evidence in favour of the separation of the two businesses. It is our view that such separation would be beneficial and in the public interest, and would enable the businesses to deal more effectively with the problems referred to in Hird and Wintour's article.

Football crazy

From Steve Clark, editor of the Nottingham News

The impression given by editor Bill Snaith (Letters 13 July) is that the *Nottingham Evening Post* provides good coverage of Nottingham Forest for its readers. We maintain their coverage is barely adequate. True, the *Evening Post* dispatched men to the earlier European Cup rounds, the Munich final and Wembley for the League Cup. So did we. As for the *Post*'s coverage of Nottingham Forest – where was the exclusive interview with Brian Clough predicting the Francis deal? (see *Nottingham News* issue 1); where was the exclusive poster of the £1m. star in his Forest shirt? (see *Nottingham News* issue 3); why has Peter Taylor's column disappeared from the *Post*'s football paper? (see *Nottingham News* every week); why is Brian Clough never directly quoted in the *Post*? (see *Nottingham News* every week).

There's little doubt that our emphasis on Forest helped launch the *News*. But if the Nottingham public were well served by the *Post*'s coverage, our paper would never have got off the ground, would it?

Finally, we agree with Mr Snaith that journalists do not have to belong to the NUJ to do outstanding work for a newspaper. When are they going to do outstanding work for his newspaper?

61 Derby Road, Nottingham

The politics of cancer

From John Mathews

Ruth Hall is of course entitled to her opinions, and free to propagate them from the platform of the NEW STATESMAN, but she should try to give them firmer foundation in the facts than her remarks on cancer (London Diary 6 July). Reacting as she was to my highly compressed account of the politics of cancer in *Time Out*, she has completely failed to register the fact that handsome profits are being reaped by interests which are only too happy to keep known carcinogens in commerce for as long as they can get away with it. There is a very sound case – and it would be interesting to see the NS give space to developing it – for claiming that most cancer today is induced through exposure to particular drugs, chemicals or indeed natural substances (such as the aflatoxins), and to cite cases of cancer predating petrochemicals as evidence against this is ludicrous. Of course cancer has an ancient lineage – as does recognition of its link with the environment. Indeed Percival Pott achieved medical fame by his 1824 observation that chimney sweeps developed more than their fair share of scrotal cancer. But this says nothing about the present *epidemic* of cancer: it is the only major disease which is on the increase, and accounts for no less than one death in five.

Ruth Hall ridicules the politicisation of cancer. What does she have to say then about the widespread reluctance of the chemical and pharmaceutical industries to submit their products to regulation, and their furious battles to keep alive the commercial status of substances which are known to cause the most hideous cancers in animals – not to mention the products such as vinyl chloride monomer and asbestos which are proven carcinogens in humans? If this is not a political and economic question, what is it?

Ms Hall's final point, that the *mechanism* of cancer induction is poorly understood, is as true as it is irrelevant. If I attack Ms Hall with a club, will she ignore my molestations on the grounds that she cannot give a molecular explanation of how my blow knocks her to the ground?

Imperial College of Science and Technology

From Sir Thomas Bazley

Ruth Hall tries hard to be very clever and she often succeeds; but sometimes at a high cost in credibility. One recent example: her criticism of Professor Epstein's extremely well-researched views on the cancer problem. This is no trivial matter yet Ruth Hall's remarks are extraordinarily naive and backed up by a total ignorance of the subject. Her only argument against Professor Epstein is that there has always been cancer. But we have to explain why its incidence is increasing at such an alarming rate – for instance, in USA one in four of the population is likely to contract the disease, which is being developed at a much earlier age than formerly and even by young children, which is really tragic.

Professor Epstein explains, to a large extent, this explosion of cancer. We also have to explain why cancer does not exist everywhere. For instance it was unknown among the Hunza people and in some Eskimo tribes until they took to a Western diet instead of the foods to which they were adapted.

Professor Epstein has drawn attention to the fact that the larger drug firms have, in effect, a vested interest in cancer, since anti-cancer drugs, however ineffective in the long run, are extremely profitable. Why his exposure of such facts should be considered unacceptable (or anti-socialist?) I find it impossible to imagine.

Eastleach Folly, Near Hatherop, Cirencester, Glos.

. . . and the unions' role

From Maria Fyfe

Trade unionists are trying to achieve a healthy and safe working environment for their members, often in the teeth of employers' attempts to evade their responsibilities. Miss Hall reaches a depth of crassness not often matched by even the worst of employers.

Fighting cancer takes place on more than one level, the research into the causes. A vital area is the replacement by alternative safe substances when a substance used in industry is known to cause cancer or any other illness. This is where the unions have a lot of work to do – it's not all in the hands of the cancer researchers. When no safe substance is known to exist, the unions have to consider control of the usage of a hazardous substance. Miss Hall might be surprised to learn that exposure limits vary from country to country, and are frequently reduced as new information comes to light. Variation is not random – some countries consistently enforce tighter standards than are set here.

The GMWU and ASTMS deserve our admiration for taking up this issue, not the disdain of someone who, I imagine, has never worked anywhere more dangerous than the NS office.

14 Kelvin Drive, Glasgow G20.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Looking good

I have said before, and I now repeat, for it is true, that I have never in my life been bored, however inviting the circumstances. The most severe challenge was, I suppose, provided by the chapel services at Oundle School in the 1920s but even here, though at maximum ennui-risk and encased in sombre black and starched collar and feeling fairly Sundayish and dreary, there was always something to activate the imagination or to feast the eyes on – the School House matron's interesting new hat, the pleasing altar decorations (gladiolas again), the boil scars on the neck of the boy in front, the sight of the fully vocal Headmaster, kind and jovial Dr Fisher, with the possibility of his letting us off ('Sing up, everybody!') the dreaded midday Scripture lesson and an hour with those fearful Acts of the Apostles, the spectacle of various impressionable boys struggling not to catch the eyes of other impressionable boys, the chief stinks master's cavernous yawns and wild myopic gaze, the very occasional merry misprints on the organ. And there was always the final hymn to look forward to and then the hurried pushing and shoving out into the sunshine to cluster round the gates and see whether Dr Fisher was coming through with a treat ('Well, you've all been good boys and you sang nicely and as we won the Uppingham match . . .'). Deafening cheers. Hard cheese on St Paul. Some other time, perhaps.

There was one hymn, under the prayer-book's 'Morning' section for to sing it at eventide would have meant rendering its main message virtually useless, which we frequently sang and which kicked off with 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run,' and, after a rather impertinent injunction to redeem the mis-spent time that's past (why assume its mis-spending?), we were encouraged to 'live this day as if thy last'. Though this obviously had a deeply pious significance, I and several of my more unholy school friends used often, over lunch (quite good on Sundays), to deal with this concept in a more practical manner and discuss how best to extract the fullest and most pleasurable value out of one's last day on earth. It was taken for granted that one's last day would be here at school and so, in my case and after an enormous breakfast, one changed into holiday togs, got into the headmaster's car, a stately Sunbeam, and was driven rather grandly by the chauffeur straight to London and to the Shaftesbury Avenue area. Enormous lunch at the Café Royal. Matinée of *Mercenary Mary*. Enormous tea at Gunter's in Curzon Street. Evening performance of *Rookery Nook*. Enormous supper at the Savoy. Bed and finis. What a saucy little rip one was but what a very satisfactory way to wind things up before going rat-a-tat ('Anybody in?') at the pearly gates. I remember one of the impressionable boys above mentioned, when firmly cross-questioned as to his ideal last day, blushing painfully and announcing that he would 'like to go for a walk with Pendleton'. Loud and scornful shouts of 'Boo!', though some shouted more loudly and scornfully than others.

In addition to the fully wholesome and stimulating hymn that I have mentioned (it contained an invigorating passage about shaking off dull sloth and joyfully rising, with its hint of cold baths and brisk towelling and 'after you with the Lifebuoy'), there was a prayer that fairly often came our way. I could not at the time quite understand its popularity with those in authority, but I do so now. In books devoted to collections of prayers intended for young or youngish worshippers, it features prominently in the section ominously labelled 'Self-Control'. I first heard it at my prep school and when I was nine years old. It proved immediately baffling. It began with the customary and rather fawning expressions of thanks for benefits of a somewhat limited acceptability. And then, 'Thou who hast made us in Thine own image', one heard. Could one believe one's ears? Did God then have legs and feet and toes and, from October to March, chilblains upon them? Did His hair too become unmanageable for a day after He had washed it? Did He also snore and dribble and become noisy after an onion intake? Pretty feeble not to have dreamt up something rather more physically trouble-free for Himself. Well then, as one confidently assumed that one's favourite foods and drink (éclairs and apple fritters and ginger-beer) were served simply ad lib in heaven, did God have, from time to time, to utter a hasty 'excuse me' and leave the room just like you and me? And as one pictured Him as a grandfatherly type (at the age of nine, almost all males appeared so), did He have false teeth and a beard and a chesty cough?

The main nub of this prayer saved itself up, like a star actor wishful to delay his entrance and ensure the audience's excited anticipation, till the closing sentences. After the key word 'abuse' (keep us free from), the clergyman asked for help, on our behalf and, goodness knows, his own, to remain pure and to present our bodies 'as a living sacrifice'. Here lack of comprehension was complete. One wished to toe the line but what on earth was one doing that one ought to discontinue? Sneezing? Laughing? Running? I knew that it was impolite to fiddle about with one's nose but that was merely an intermittent shortcoming and hardly needed to be prayed about.

It is, I fear, a little late in the day to present my body, living though it undoubtedly is, as anything but a rather rumpled and shapeless assembly of parts that I've lugged about for quite some time now, but I'm doing what I can with the help of a fully illustrated 'guide for men' called *Looking Good* (Angus and Robertson, £4.95), the helpful work of Charles Hix who, in addition to being A.1. at what he calls 'men's grooming' is a positive cornucopia of merry jokettas and puns, some of which I shall be very happy to place before you for our mutual pleasure and advantage (the chapter on dieting is sub-headed Waisting Away). We begin the treatment as I, alas, feared. 'Strip and check yourself out in a full-length mirror. Don't suck in your gut; no one's looking but you. Spend some time reacquainting yourself with yourself.' Oh dear. Mr Hix deals first with hair ('Do or Dye') and after passing lightly from scalp care to dandruff, suggests that if I stand on my head for a few minutes every day, it will do wonders for my *chevelure*. There is a splendid chapter on hair that is not one's own ('Never sleep in a wig') and there is comfort of a sort for baldies. 'Some men look terrific bald. Some men don't look terrific even with hair'. Now he tells us.

I rather wish that I hadn't read the chapter on skin care. It's better sometimes not to know the clever tricks that the body is up to and one's skin appears to be a hive of activity. It resembles a deserted battleground and on it may be found 'a motley assortment of decomposed cells, sweat, oil, waste, bacteria, pollutants and other no-goodies that can clog the pores'. One half expects to come across a few rusty old bicycle wheels and a pram. Then it seems that the sebaceous glands (the oil-producing ones, you know) provide 'an oily-fatty substance called sebum (say it, I can only suppose, SEE-BUM). The amount of sebum secreted dictates the oiliness or otherwise of the skin. 'Sebum production starts pumping', and here we go again, 'during puberty', and not entirely alone. Sebum lessens, like other products, with age. The blame for blackheads may be laid fairly and squarely at sebum's door. Blackheads mean that the pores have become clogged with sebum (Pore Boy, chuckles Mr Hix). Trapped sebum oxidizes, don't expect me to explain how, and turns black. Hence blackheads. So much for sebum.

However, always willing to embellish myself to the maximum, I have recently been giving my skin and my sebum an airing in Italy and beneath the summer skies of Amalfi, whence I have returned a healthful beige colour. As far as it is possible at my age to look radiant, radiant is what I am. The delightful hotel, perched on the cliff top, was understanding about foreigners and provided a menu in English. The meat tended to be veal but one day a special treat was announced – rabbit. Alas, the typist's finger slipped and the menu boldly announced RUBBIT, COUNTRY STYLE. Oh well.

Roger Woddis

The Benny factor

Oh, Shock-Horror Correspondent,
Part of one stupendous hole,
Smelling blood in disputation,
Seeing demons in control:
Who, I hear you gravely asking,
Who will save the party's soul?

Here you come with your old scratchings,
Spelling out your feigned concern.
Being such an empty barrel,
You, my friend, will never learn:
Why do rumbles from the back-room
Give you such a nasty turn?

In the land of one-eyed poodles,
Who is captive, who is free?
Mock hysterics are your pastime:
'This is war – they disagree!'
Mangy dogs may dread extinction –
You'll still piss, while there's a tree.

As for our belaboured people,
Merely born to work and drop,
They may back the Benny factor
Slowly rising to the top:
What of soul is right, I wonder,
When the kidding has to stop?

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Richard Rathbone

White Men, Black Boys

The Rulers of British Africa 1870–1914 by L. H. GANN and PETER DUIGNAN *Croom Helm* £11.95

African Proconsuls: European Governors in Africa edited by L. H. Gann and Peter Duignan *Collier Macmillan* £22.45

Leopold II of the Belgians by BARBARA EMERSON *Weidenfeld* £12.50

Milner: Viscount Milner of St James's and Cape Town 1854–1925 by TERENCE H. O'BRIEN *Constable* £10

Laurens van der Post tells of an old Bushman guide who introduced him to a powerful shrine in some Kalahari hills. The ancient ruefully told van der Post that: 'The spirits of the hills are not what they were. . . Ten years ago they would have killed you all for coming.' Our own spirits of the hills are feeling the breeze too; our world is dictated by little men in Zurich and even stranger men in pocket states on the Persian Gulf. There is a sense of loss of manhood all about us. The work of Lewis Gann and Peter Duignan, which all serious students of Africa have much to be grateful for, has always been informed with this powerful sense of loss. These two books of theirs are among their most obviously nostalgic. But unlike the revival of Buddy Holly or drape-jackets, their sentimentalisation of memory has an overtly polemical intention. Gann and Duignan have remained aloof from 30 years of developing historiography of Africa in which, as they say, ' "Eurocentric" studies have indeed become somewhat unfashionable and even suspect to a generation of scholars determined to *rewrite* African history in African terms.' (My italics)

Now Gann and Duignan do not 'rewrite' history; *The Rulers of British Africa*, they say, is an attempt at an 'impartial assessment of the erstwhile rulers' role in Africa'. *African Proconsuls* is not all their own work, being a collection of conference papers on colonial governors, the successors of those 'conquerors with a difference' who

> brought to Africa methods of production, scientific knowledge and philosophies of government qualitatively different from those available to African chiefs and warlords . . . the very criteria against which the Western record in Africa later came to be judged – democracy, the rule of law, and the rights of man – would have been incomprehensible to African rulers like Msidi and Lobengula whom the Western imperialists displaced.

Conclusions of the sort I have quoted would not have shocked Marx and Engels, Gann and Duignan tell us. They had 'more in common with Kipling than with the self-styled Marxists of a later generation.' But didn't Marx die with the Scramble for Africa incomplete and Engels before the ink on the treaties was dry? Had either Marx or Engels had at their disposal the 30 years of historical writing we have I would venture to suggest that they would at least have had a conscientious objection to serving under Gann and Duignan's colours. But we shall never know.

It would of course take a fanatic to argue that imperialism and colonialism were anything other than ambiguous experiences. History contains no instances of absolutely neutral and inevitable change. The radical tradition that Gann and Duignan set themselves against is mindlessly caricatured; when such writing is crassly determinist, when it endows colonialism with what they call 'an almost Satanic quality', then it is simply bad scholarship. Again and again Gann and Duignan use straw men who figure as uncited arguments by anonymous scholars who propose things like:

> colonialism . . . accounts for much of the wealth accumulated by the rich nations of the world at the expense of the poor. Colonialism, moreover, must bear the blame not merely for the poverty, but also for the stagnation of the so-called under-developed world.

Flat, texture-less propositions of this sort are not the products of serious thought and Gann and Duignan's guns seem frequently to face the wrong way.

But even if 'the enemy' is wrongly perceived by Gann and Duignan, they will make few converts among the seriously uncommitted for their own lapses in taste and judgment.

There is, for example, little historical respectability in anachronistic statements like: 'Compared to pre-colonial rule by war-like conquerors like the Bemba and the Ngoni . . . governance under the Union Jack was mild.' The other eyebrow shoots up when another 'historical contrast' is encountered:

> Contrasted with post-colonial potentates like Idi Amin in Uganda, Jean Bedel Bokassa in the Central African Empire or Macias Nguema in [Equatorial] Guinea, leaders like Sir Andrew Cohen . . . were men of peace.

At best this is an unfortunate piece of reasoning; just watch Idi Amin's giddy rise with British officers' blessings in the very Uganda that was so fascinatingly ruled by Sir Andrew. Similarly it is hard to think of either Bokassa, crying at the graveside at Colombey les Deux Eglises, or Nguema as anything other than colonial creations. Weirdly Gann and Duignan later say that we should not 'undervalue the links that tie colonial to post-colonial Africa'. Amen to that.

Underlying both of their books is a concern to add to the now rather weary debate about imperialism. Both seek to show that there were few palpable links between the rulers of Africa and 'economic forces'. Once again an uncited 'Marxist' source is set up which says that 'the colonial system was a capitalist invention, designed to enrich merchants and industrialists'. Beta Gamma for that, but they plough on and say that the capitalists

> were supposed to have sent their sons out to rule the empire. Or conversely, the rulers of empire were but employees of monied men, chosen to serve the wealthy. In fact British colonial governors rarely had any links with the instruments of production and finance.

But which historian of any stature has ever suggested that colonial administrators were crudely linked in the manner they suggest? Tony Kirk-Greene in an interesting chapter in the *Proconsuls* volume shows that of the 159 British colonial governors appointed after 1900 only 38 did not go to Public Schools, and private education of other sorts accounts for some of those 38 renegades. He goes on to look at the 18 most distinguished British African governors. He found data on 13 of their fathers; five of them had ministers of the church as fathers, the rest army officers, colonial civil servants, and an accountant, a planter and a trader. The class origins of these distinguished men is quite clear. The question of *cui bono* is only very rarely answered in the crude one-to-one fashion that Gann and Duignan not surprisingly notice the absence of.

What allows Gann and Duignan these cheap victories over the unnamed radicals is their concentration on personalities rather than processes. Their 'solo' volume takes the story only up to 1914 which in terms of the penetration of capital into Africa is like stopping *Götterdämmerung* after the first Norn has asked 'Welch Licht leuchtet dort?' The huge transformation of Africa, the good, the bad, and the ugly, and in particular the growing intervention of the colonial state in the

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daily lives of Africans, dates from the first world war. The rich collection of small biographies of colonial governors in *Proconsuls* is of immense interest but alone cannot contribute much to an understanding of the processes which dwarfed them. As actors in such processes they had, as we have, little idea of the real significance of their roles. The pressures upon them, the financing of 'their' colonies, the placation of vociferous settlers and law and order itself, were considerable and many of them pursued such ends with imagination and humanity. But such behaviour, action and reaction, was always situational. Indeed Gann and Duignan in *Rulers* almost get to the point of seeing process as primary when they stress that

> British foremen in the Rhodesian mines were more 'reactionary' than clergymen, not because they were necessarily less enlightened, but because mining required harsh discipline where the slightest breach might occasion disaster. British farmers took a harder line towards their African labourers than British officials because the farmer's very livelihood depended on his ability to make the 'boys' do their daily stint. British administrators took a less benign view of Africans than the more progressive kind of missionary because the officials' first duty was to rule, not to teach and preach.

Which is essentially to say that people cannot be divorced, analytically, from the structures they inhabit. That structure is not merely the complexity of the material world but also the tangle of ideology.

But individuals have cast very long shadows in Africa in the recent past. We still celebrate Cecil John Rhodes's name every time we write Bishop Abel Smith's state out in full. Barbara Emerson and Terence O'Brien are concerned with figures almost as imposing and frightening. It is useful that Leopold has a good biographer in English. Few Belgian kings, after all, have inspired by their actions men as diverse as Roger Casement, Mark Twain and Joseph Conrad. But in addition Leopold's crude quest for power and wealth without responsibility has a timeless quality to it. Fascinated by the prospects of instant wealth from then undelimited Central Africa, Leopold's fantasies were checked by a wary Belgian parliament that would have none of it. So he set up a series of front organisations which posed as scientific or humanitarian concerns with majority equity in his hands and the rest in assorted European portfolios. Behind this façade he created concession company rule on a grand scale in his Congo Independent State which was in effect a *chasse gardée*, a private fief.

This massive rip-off in which productivity by Africans was encouraged by inducements such as the amputation of limbs, village burning and the odd massacre, was fortunately exposed by international pressure and the unrelenting energy of missionaries and journalists. In its detail of indifference to the lives of Africans in the pursuit of profit it is an unusually ugly story. But it is not one that ends with Leopold's fief being taken over by the Belgian state. Huge concessionary companies persisted after 1908 and the Belgian royal family remained key shareholders in the vast concerns that dominated much of the productive area that was to become Zaire. The system of company rule was also adopted by the French in the neighbouring Equatorial territories. Looking at Chad, Congo-Brazzaville, Central African Empire, Gabon and Zaire today one remembers that Gann and Duignan did well to remind us of the links between the colonial and post-colonial world.

Terence O'Brien's Milner biography is not the first such, and, because it is not very good, one hopes it will not be the last. The Milner Papers are a rich source and Mr O'Brien wisely lets the Papers take us through the narrative. But we really need analysis of Milner's African role now. In particular it is odd that the biography is so thin on 'Milner's war' – the second Boer War. There is no mention that Goschen's protegé had been deeply impressed by the case put up by mining capital for the extinction of Kruger's Transvaal administration. In the absence of any sense of the political economy of Southern Africa, Kruger becomes once again a crusty, obdurate old flat-earther, rather than the leader of a rurally-based, farm-orientated administration which was incapable of the kinds of labour control, infrastructural development and market regulation that the mine-owners needed to make deep-level mining profitable. Nor is there any suggestion that the Bank of England might have been interested in a gold reserve that was in the ground, so to speak, and could be under their thumbs. 'Reconstruction' after the war also suffers from a lack of analysis: a vivid period in which Milner and his Kindergarten, heavily influenced by late 19th-century progressive ideas, of the sort that Toynbee will always be associated with, actually socially engineer a new South Africa and in the process destroy black rights. Although Milner was accused by his enemies of being 'Germanic', he belongs squarely in the orbit of evolving middle-class strategy in early 20th-century Britain, and Mr O'Brien tells us too little about that.

With Milner and Leopold in mind, Gann and Duignan's vision irritates even more. There was nothing more romantic or serene about pre-industrial Africa than about any other set of pre-industrial societies. But neither Leopold nor Milner could be accused of importing 'democracy, the rule of law or the rights of man' into a continent innocent of humanity.

John Mole

Coming on Late

Goethe, past eighty,
tapped iambics
on his mistress's backbone.

So he kept in touch –
Each finished line
another debt to nature.

Should I wake my wife –
one perfect measure
passionately struck –

or try to sleep?
Eros by numbers
or our love's discretion?

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Jonathan Raban

Talking of Gods

The Decline of the Sacred in Industrial Society by S. S. ACQUAVIVA *Blackwell* £12
Person/Planet by THEODORE ROSZAK *Gollancz* £5.95

Plato was much exercised over what to do with religion in his republic. The gods themselves had made things excessively difficult for the administrator of a well-ordered society. Either their activities were so obscure in their nature that they were beyond the comprehension of the average citizen, or they were so downright nasty that the community had better be shielded from the knowledge that gods often behaved in a way which ought, in reason, to have qualified them for a long stretch in some Attic Broadmoor.

Plato suggested that committees of wise old men should compose 'useful lies', educative fictions which would put the doings of the gods in a socially acceptable and productive form and be accorded the status of received historical truth. He also put forward the idea that free discussion of certain godly affairs should be confined to an exclusive intellectual and financial elite. Talk of Kronos, for instance (particularly of the occasion when he cut off the genitals of his father, Saturn, with a sickle lent to him by his sister), should be permitted only at secret drinking parties given after a 'great and wonderful sacrifice'.

Things are hardly less tricky today. The most determined secularist is so conditioned by useful lies that the imprint of his religion lies on him like a genetic stamp: talking about gods – and especially talking about the manner of their deaths – is a wretchedly difficult business. Secret drinking parties, composed of eminent sociologists of religion, are almost as tainted by hereditary beliefs and superstitions as gospel-rallies and gatherings of saloon-bar atheists.

Witness Professor S. S. Acquaviva. *The Decline of the Sacred in Industrial Society* is a book which, for the last 15 years, has been more cited than read in England. It's a sociological 'classic', now belatedly available to us in this deft translation from the Italian by Patricia Lipscomb. Acquaviva is perfectly well aware that religion is a chronically foggy subject for investigation. In his first, methodological, chapter, he weaves his way, with every appearance of great skill, through the many, faulted ethnocentric definitions of religion which have been used by his predecessors in the field. One by one, the famous names go down: Durkheim . . . Becker . . . Allport . . . Malinowski. It's no good basing one's notion of 'religion' on the concept of a personal God, nor on tendentious distinctions between religion and magic, nor, most important, on 'external' and 'descriptive' evidence of the different psychological attitudes which seem to prevail in the twin realms of the sacred and the profane.

Acquaviva's own definition is one on which he stakes very great claims indeed. He roots it in 'the constants of human psychology'. In his discussion he is concerned to be seen to be 'above all centring everything on the human individual'. Religion, according to Acquaviva, is something which involves this 'human individual' believing in the existence of 'the wholly other'.The definition is offered as a universal one, designed to embrace all particular religions; it is used by Acquaviva to chart the steady decline of Christianity from the middle ages to the present day.

For this less-than-universal purpose, it serves him neatly enough. Supported by sheaves of statistical tables, and by an enviably wide reading in history, philosophy and science, Acquaviva shows how the values associated with a belief in 'the wholly other' have gradually come to be displaced by values based on quantity, commodities and technical skills. The real enemy of religion was the place in which these commodities and skills were centred – the city. Scepticism, doubt, loss of faith were initially city-feelings. It was among the typically urban occupations that irreligion flourished. The champions of the profane world were 'innkeepers, artisans, merchants, nobility, and wealthy bourgeois'. It is an engrossing, and complicated, story; and Acquaviva is most impressive when he is dealing with the knots and tangles in it – when, for instance, he demonstrates how an apparent sudden slump in Christian belief was not a genuine slump in 'religiosity' because it was accompanied by a corresponding upsurge in the practice of the occult. Yet despite the inclusiveness of his definition of religion, Acquaviva's story ends in a massive, if not final, petering-out.

> To rediscover the religious fact, we must follow the river of spirituality which, over the centuries, has divided into smaller and smaller streams, finally finding its last receptacle in the depths of the individual, becoming totally privatised, or perhaps totally desacralised.

I have reduced a long and detailed argument to its barest bones. For the most telling critique of Acquaviva's position rests not on the intricacies of his work as a sociologist but on the profoundly Christian – or, rather, Christianised – temper of his mind. It was, after all, as long ago as the seventh century that Islamic theologians diagnosed the very weaknesses in the Judaeo-Christian religions which made them vulnerable to all the forces catalogued by Acquaviva. Islam recognised that the profession of faith by 'the human individual' was a shaky cornerstone. It saw an inherent danger in the way the semitic religions always located the values of the 'wholly other' in an alternative kingdom after death. In an attempt to shift those values to the temporal world, Muslims preached that the doctrine of Original Sin was a heresy: the world was born innocent, and therefore it needed no redemption. The world must be changed, civilised, colonised, transformed as nearly as it could be into the Koranic vision of paradise – but it needn't be saved. In the Muslim view, Christianity was the religion of too personal an act of faith, too personal a concept of salvation, too remote a prospect of paradise. It was the religion of private doubt, private prayer and the widow's mite. Islam attempted an enormous shift of emphasis in the whole concept of religion – from the self to society, from the alternative kingdom-of-heaven to a simultaneous co-existence of the 'wholly other' and the here-and-now.

Ironically, it was Christianity which had to take the brunt of the historical process for which Islam had, in a sense, been designed as a preparation. Only very recently – in the years since the Italian publication of Acquaviva's book – have we seen Islam subjected to the full pressure of an emerging industrial society. In Libya, Saudi Arabia, the Gulf states and Iran, in the whole notion of the industrial Islamic Republic, something is going on which utterly bewilders us Western, Christianised observers. The real measure of the failure of Acquaviva's theory is that it has nothing to say, even by the remotest implication, about Teheran under the Ayatollah Khomeini. The 'value-free' sociologist is imprisoned by the theology of his ancestors; he thinks like a Christian, and the world-view posited by Christianity is finally far more powerful than the techniques of sociology.

It is more powerful, too, than the technique of history, as a reading of *Person/Planet*, Theodore Roszak's latest millenarian tract, proves. Professor Roszak (Cal State, Hayward campus) steamrolls his way over the same historical terrain as that covered by Professor Acquaviva in an attempt to prove that the only hopeful future for industrial societies is one of 'creative disintegration'. Roszak's point of departure is the sticky notion of what he calls 'authentic personhood'. In some prelapsarian state, to which Roszak attaches neither dates nor names, man lived on 'a personal scale', 'in intelligent reciprocity with nature'.

Then came the Fall. Like the decline of religion, this Fall had its causes rooted in industrial systems of manufacturing and in the emergence of the satanic playground of the City. The first weaving towns of medieval Flanders and northern Italy signalled the beginning of a process whose terrible climax we are now witnessing: the destruction of personal authenticity. Isolated from 'the basic ecological facts of life', people in cities are imprisoned behind the masks of their 'assigned identities'. If we allow the process to continue, says Roszak, we shall soon succeed in destroying the planet on which we live. If we are prepared to repent and seek salvation, the Way is clear: a massive programme of de-urbanisation, the repeal of all 'assigned identities', a return to the small self-contained centres of life (I borrow the phrase from the ultra-conservative manifesto of the Southern Agrarians in the 1930s) – to the experimental farms, the craft-shops and the communes of the counter-culture. Small is beautiful. Shrink and be saved.

Roszak is expert at providing covering fire for his more audacious dashes into unreality. He falls over backwards to admit that many of the cells he regards as models for our global future have transparently failed. The co-ops, farms, therapy groups, communes and rap-sessions have often broken up after a few months, or been founded on a language and an ideology so banal that they have earned the contempt of 'patrician' critics. They are not to be despised on that account, says Roszak; they represent, however imperfectly, the expression of a genuine spirit, a real yearning, in society.

That sounds reasonable enough – for a

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moment. Yet Roszak, by seeming to field one counter-argument, has slipped out of the net of much the most powerful one: that these experiments are products of, not alternatives to, the culture in which they marginally subsist. I once visited a commune in Massachusetts where a dozen people were living in a half-built Buckminster Fuller dome in the woods. A crudely carved sun-god was cut into the door; an antique shotgun was propped beside it. The communards were boiling up cans of La Choy chinese vegetables on an ancient wood-burning stove. Their children had names like Aquarius and Tuesday Morning. They were, said the enthusiastic student who had taken me to visit them, 'really into self-sufficiency'. I inquired into the economics of the dome. The women, in their late twenties, were still getting handsome allowances from their fathers; the men were all on welfare. Everyone was a college graduate. To keep this dream of *Whole Earth Catalog*-living afloat, tax lawyers in Los Angeles, harassed government executives in Washington and high-cholesterol bond salesmen in New York were working overtime.

My example is an extreme, perhaps a cruel one. Many communes have a less exaggeratedly dependent relationship on their industrial host society. None, as yet, though, are 'alternative' to it, any more than the NEW STATESMAN is an 'alternative' to The Press. The word is simply being misused in a basic violation of the categories of language.

Such lacunae belong only in the rhetoric of religious transcendence. Professor Roszak was brought up as a Catholic; he has merely swapped a theology of great intricacy and conscious paradox for a simpler, louder, fundamentalist creed. For 'soul' read 'person'; for 'Original Sin' read 'History'; for 'salvation' read 'salvation', but pronounce it in the swooning bass accent of the Californian TV-gospeller. But regard with scepticism any prophet who comes among you describing an earthly paradise in which society and the individual 'work together in a supportive and symbiotic relationship'. The vision of Aquinas is to be infinitely preferred.

Walter Kaufmann

Authentic

A Study of Nietzsche by J. P. STERN *Cambridge* £9.75

This book might be a little better if the author had done more outside reading instead of copying once again his own work. 'A shortened version of this *Study* has appeared in the Fontana Modern Masters series,' says the author in his preface. In fact much of the *Study* duplicates, word for word, the paperback of 1978. The review of that book in the *TLS* pointed out that 'every single chapter, with the apparent exception of Chapter 4, in part repeats previously published material, either verbatim or nearly so. The result,' said the reviewer, is 'a scissors-and-paste discontinuity'. When the author took exception to this statement, the reviewer documented his charges in detail and added that one of the sources of *Nietzsche*, an earlier Stern book, had been criticised in the *TLS* in 1971 because 'Dr Stern had regrettably chosen "to take over verbatim, or with only slight verbal alteration – and without special acknowledgment"' passages of a still earlier Stern book. Still, this *Study* is not merely an expanded version of the paperback *Nietzsche*, which costs £1.00 instead of £9.75; the pieces have been rearranged a bit, and the overall tone is less hostile to Nietzsche.

In his own way, Professor Stern lives dangerously. He writes about areas in which he is not by any means at home. But repetition may ease his sense of unfamiliarity. In 1975 he published a book on German history that represented an act of extraordinary daring, considering the state of his knowledge of the subject. He actually claimed that the Great Elector, who reigned 1640-88, was the 'draconic father' (rather than the great-grandfather) of Frederick the Great (born 1712, reigned 1740-86). The Nietzsche books are also full of errors and display a striking lack of philosophical sophistication.

This lack would not have to be a crippling defect. Two of the most perceptive critiques of Heidegger have been written by men who were professors of German literature like Stern; but Robert Minder dealt with Heidegger's language in his less technical writings, and Walter Muschg with his attempts at literary criticism. Stern concentrates on Nietzsche's philosophy.

On the first page we are urged 'to abandon a number of traditional distinctions: between literature and philosophy, between formal, published statements and informal notes, between life and work'. The results of ignoring the first and the last of these distinctions should be obvious. Regarding the second, Nietzsche insisted repeatedly – for example, in the prefaces to *Dawn* and *Genealogy* – that his books should be read with close attention to the context. Stern refuses to do this, as a matter of principle.

He also fails to make clear the meaning of his central concepts. On the rare occasions when definitions are offered, they are unhelpful. *Ressentiment* is explained as 'a reactive grudgingness whose endless, "eternal" chronicle is all of human history' (p.120 = *Nietzsche*, p. 82). 'Authenticity is the deliberate coincidence of what a man is with that he can become' (p.115 = *Nietzsche*, p.77). A whole chapter is devoted to authenticity, which is alleged to be one of the central ideas of Nietzsche. Stern never mentions that he has not found a single passage in which it is mentioned. In fact, Nietzsche's elaborate and fascinating philosophy of masks stands opposed to the existentialist cult of 'authenticity'. But the many passages about masks are simply ignored, along with Nietzsche's repeated claim that he was a psychologist.

Stern makes much of his own Christianity and of Nietzsche's allegedly untenable critique of Christianity, but fails to mention Nietzsche's most important criticisms. First, Nietzsche offered a 'psychology of faith' from which Stern rather drastically misquotes part of one sentence (p. 117 = *Nietzsche*, p. 79) before he projects into section 54 of *The Antichrist* a 'pathos of personal authenticity' that allegedly 'was the chief tenet of fascism and national socialism. No man came closer to

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the full realisation of self-created "values" than A. Hitler.' Actually section 54 denounces people like Hitler and the Nazis unequivocally, and in the next section, which begins 'One step further in the psychology of conviction', we read: 'Of necessity, the party man becomes a liar' and 'An anti-Semite is not any means more decent because he lies as a matter of principle.'

Secondly, Nietzsche charged Christianity with *ressentiment*. Stern says (p. 147 = *Nietzsche*, p. 96) that Nietzsche 'merely denies – he does not attempt to disprove – a loving and merciful God, and Christ as the son of that God'. But Nietzsche produced evidence to show that the Christian God was not loving and merciful but exceedingly cruel. Stern does not mention hell. And presumably he himself merely denies and does not attempt to disprove the existence of Shiva or Aphrodite, or Heracles as the son of Zeus. His own notions of proof and disproof seem odd. In the very next sentence philosophical Idealism is 'disproved' once again as 'the same solipsist-idealist trap'. A couple of pages earlier Nietzsche is reproached for saying 'next to nothing about the *pietas loci* which (as Hölderlin's poems show) is an essential part of the Gospels ...' This piece of one-upmanship hardly suggests a very subtle understanding of proof or argument.

Stern's main criticism of Nietzsche is, nevertheless, that he was not a sufficiently consecutive thinker and that his arguments are often inadequate. It is hardly news that Nietzsche rarely offered careful, old-fashioned arguments, but Stern keeps suggesting that he himself has arguments. This is one of the oddest features of this book. The many sentences that have no recognisable meaning do not help. On p. 153 we are suddenly brought up short by the startling dictum: 'Here the lure of ontology is irresistible: *Christ simply is*.' The context does not help.

Stern makes much of Nietzsche's failure to keep valuations out of descriptions. Yet he himself repeatedly refers to the 'lurid' phrase that 'God is dead.' Elsewhere Nietzsche says, 'You shall become that you are.' ('That' instead of 'what' or 'who' is a solecism Stern repeats whenever he quotes this adage.) I pointed out in 1950, as he mentions in a footnote, that this formulation was inspired by Pindar's *genoi hoios essi*. Nietzsche did not mention Pindar in this connection, except in a letter, 15 years earlier. That does not keep Stern from speaking of Nietzsche's 'egregious reading of Pindar' (p. 148). And a page later we are told that 'Freud invented in the early 1930s' the death drive. 'Introduced' would have been a more neutral term, but Stern wants us to know what he thinks of Freud, although he does not know that Freud introduced this idea in 1920, or that Freud's book on religion is *The Future of an Illusion* (not *The End of an Illusion*).

Stern's detailed misrepresentation of Nietzsche's relationship to Lou Solomé is due to the fact that he has not done his homework. Otherwise he would not keep saying that she later married a Protestant theologian, when in fact Fred Charles Andreas was an erudite Orientalist and Zarathustra specialist, a professor with weak eyes who was much older than she was, and only two years younger than Nietzsche. He called himself Charles, she called him Fred. But I lack the space to catalogue all the mistakes that should be kept out of future versions of this material.

Michael Harloe

Urban Scapegoats

Urban Poverty in Britain by JAMES H. TREBLE *Batsford* £12.50

The Politics of Urban Change by DAVID H. McKAY and ANDREW W. COX *Croom Helm* £11.50 and £5.50

Urban Deprivation and the Inner City edited by Colin Jones *Croom Helm* £9.95

Living Cities by GEORGE TREMLETT *Temple Smith* £7.75

Urban Politics: A Sociological Interpretation by PETER SAUNDERS *Hutchinson* £12.50

Most of us live in cities and like to complain about them. They are squalid, congested, impersonal and violent places. Such themes can be found in literature and popular comment from the earliest days of urban society. But a second theme is also present, for cities have also been seen as centres of opportunity, culture and 'progress'. Ideas about urban policies have reflected these themes of poverty and progress in ways which have changed over time. The Depression had focused attention on the growth of the big cities, especially London, and the decline of older, industrial towns and regions. After the war planning policies sought to restrict the growth of the conurbations and disperse population to smaller, supposedly more human settlements. The aim was to restrain urban growth, to prevent the big cities from draining all power, wealth and culture from elsewhere. Less notice was taken of the fact that these supposedly prosperous areas also contained a mass of low-income households living in a deprived environment. The poor – it was thought – would benefit from dispersal too.

Recently, however, these policies have been under attack and are now largely discredited. Suddenly urban poverty and the 'inner city problem' is news. The reasons for this shift of emphasis are arguable, but the big cities, far from being centres of opportunity whose remaining problems of poverty and bad housing are withering away under the influence of beneficent policies, are now seen to be dying. Pictures in the colour supplements show elegant wastelands of dereliction; journalists investigate the Stalinist excesses of architects and local officialdom; and politicians construct a heady rhetoric which mixes race, violence and unemployment as equal constituents of disorder. So a new orthodoxy emerges: encourage small business in the cities, co-ordinate planning and reduce bureaucracy, try to persuade the better-off not to flee to the suburbs and so on. If one set of policies fails, try another.

Yet, will it all really make much difference? One way of answering what ought to be an important question is to explore the material underpinning of the two faces of the city which have so dominated our consciousness. Too close a focus on anything produces blurred vision, and if our universe of thought about cities is bounded by our policies for them, the political and economic forces which mould the urban scene will remain indistinct. Such myopia is not just a product of ignorance, however, for policies are generated within a set of assumptions about what is and is not important, about the limits of change and the interests to be given priority, and those which must – regrettably perhaps – bear the costs. To step beyond policies to issues of power and economics is to open up dangerous ground. Better by far to put the blame on the surface phenomena of previous policies, and to construct a new and equally superficial version of what needs to be done, than to expose the deeper foundations of urban decline.

Four of the five books reviewed here are concerned with urban policy in Britain today; three of them reflect the contemporary concern with the inner city. But James Treble's study of urban poverty in the 19th century, the most comprehensive and scholarly account yet published, provides an interesting contrast. Capitalist growth and development produced the two-faced city of Victorian England – rising incomes and a better standard of life for some, but low pay, unemployment and poverty for many others. Circumstances have changed today, but the underlying reality is much the same. There are parallels too between the difficulties that the Victorians had in understanding this fact and present-day confusions. Just as informed Victorian opinion believed that deplorable urban conditions were the product of the moral failings of the individual, today we often blame the moral failings of previous policies.

George Tremlett's book is an extreme example of this latter tendency on the part of one who is concerned to advertise and justify the urban policies now being implemented by many Conservative local authorities. In 1977 Tremlett became leader of the Greater London Council Housing Committee. He stopped all council house building in the suburbs and cut it back in the inner city, making a determined attempt to reduce the Council's involvement in housing to one of supporting the private market and encouraging owner-occupation. His analysis of what is wrong with the inner city concentrates almost exclusively on blaming previous policies, especially those which involved large-scale council house building. Apparently the inner cities have been covered with municipal estates and, by a process that is never really explained, blight and urban disorder have inevitably followed. Nor was the practice of some cities in building suburban housing any better: that simply left the inner city to the poor and the blacks (about the latter Mr Tremlett seems to be a liberal, though he worries about the problems they cause – unless, presumably, they are owner-occupiers). But this is all mere demonology, a quite unconvincing attempt to explain urban ills in terms of municipal housing policies. Nor is it strengthened by the startling observation, two-thirds of the way through the book, that housing is *not* the main cause of inner city decline; it is economics, a truth which shoots across the author's vision only to disappear as rapidly as it appeared, without materially affecting his diagnosis.

McKay and Cox make a more serious

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attempt to survey post-war urban policies. They provide useful accounts of such matters as housing, planning and transport, as well as the new inner city initiatives of the last government. On their evidence it is clear that the effects of policy have, in most cases, been marginal, if what was expected from such policies was a counter-weight to the pressures of the market and its inequities. Yet, paradoxically, the authors stick doggedly to explanations of what went wrong which are internal to the policies and the system of policy making, relegating wider economic and political factors to a few vague references to 'the policy context'. In the end, all they are left with is the familiar set of villains that every failed reformer complains about – bureaucracy, pressure groups and ignorant leadership.

The collection of papers edited by Colin Jones gets nearer to the truth of the affair, breaking out from the strait-jacket of policy analysis to examine what has actually happened to the economics of big cities and their housing markets. These contributions are prefaced by a sharp account of the ways in which official conceptions of urban deprivation reduce it to a set of indicators of individual disadvantage and obscure the structural causes of these ills. The central feature of these causes is well established by a later paper which shows how a combination of industrial mergers and rationalisation and the general decline of British industry has drastically affected employment in the major urban centres. The growing scale of modern firms has removed all control over local employment from local hands and, it is concluded, the prospects for anything better are bleak, even if the much-advocated revival of small business in these areas does occur. Other contributions show how local housing policies have often reinforced the consequences of urban poverty.

As one contributor notes, government policies for housing in the inner city seem consistently to ignore the inescapable fact that the incomes of the residents are too low to meet the cost of better housing. This is the sort of uncomfortable observation of reality which requires us to examine in rather greater depth what urban politics is all about. Peter Saunders makes a determined and rewarding attempt to do just this. His book provides a critical examination of the main Marxist and more conventional academic attempts to provide a theory of local power and policy making. The problem is to 'identify the scope of structural constraints on political action' and to understand the processes by which the rules of access to power are maintained and the interests of the poor and the weak are excluded from consideration. Saunders shows how the persistence of this situation cannot simply be explained in the liberal terms of McKay and Cox, nor even in the rather oversimplified account of some recent Marxist writers who derive the nature of political action from its assumed subservience to the dictates of monopoly capitalism.

In the second part of his book Saunders presents a case study of local politics in Croydon, showing in detail how the ruling coalition of business interests and suburban owner-occupation maintains its position of control over the area and how circumscribed, fragmented and essentially powerless are those who do not qualify for this charmed circle. The author's conclusion is that local politics is in part constituted by a struggle between competing interest groups over consumption issues, such as housing, but, when it is concerned with policies for furthering industry and commerce, it is a phenomenon of the emerging corporate state. Many may find it hard to recognise the truth of this assertion on the basis of the evidence from Croydon, but this is of less importance than the light Saunders sheds on the question of where and how we should be looking for explanations of our present sense of urban crisis.

Valentine Cunningham

In the Wry

The Wilt Alternative by TOM SHARPE *Secker* £4.95
Dancer from the Dance by ANDREW HOLLERAN *Cape* £4.95
America Made Me by HANS KONING *Gollancz* £5.50
Catastrophe Practice by NICHOLAS MOSLEY *Secker* £5.90

Our solemn Disaster Novelists, their fictions grimly thronged with blazing skyscrapers, superheated power stations, tumbling DC-10s and suchlike, have given up on real, local accidents. Their global stuff is not at all what Iris Murdoch meant by contingency. Henry Wilt, however, Head of Liberal Studies, keen lurker among plastic bins of home-brewed lager stashed safely out of wife-sight, is much more seriously the Murdochian kind of accidental man. Except that he stretches her sorts of catastrophe beyond the farcical limits even she, *grande farceuse*, has confined herself to. 'Well, Wilt's a random man, if you know what I mean,' is the police point of view.

Wilt's pattern – and what happened in Tom Sharpe's earlier *Wilt* is sharply recalled down at the cop-shop – is for ghastly patternlessness: trains of wickedly funny consequences such as follow when he pricks his prick while drunkenly peeing on neighbouring rose-bushes. *The Wilt Alternative* passes the reviewer's 'I chortled aloud' test, though one does have twinges of reservation. The vocabulary in Sharpe's Larkin-Amis country, a place of *sods* and *shits*, in which adjectives like *filthy* keep very busy, can seem a shade too saloon-bar. Ditto the little-Englandism of the Tech's teachers: cheerfully full of anti-wog chat about 'Nip bastards' and Take-Away degrees for Chinese students. But as long as Tom Sharpe keeps locating proper satirical targets (Mrs Wilt's Alternative-Organic crazes, upper-class Comrade Bilger's efforts at offering 'Maoist-crocodile-buggerism' to butcher's apprentices), and the characters skid helplessly into a sewage of puke, organic compost and an exploding bio-loo ('Shits in shits' clothing', an onlooker feelingly observes), one can only rejoice at a recklessly hilarious vulgarity.

Going to the bogs tends to be inherently comic in Sharpe-Larkin-Amis-Aldiss land, a Fifties National Serviceman's world. How different from the men's room at Grand Central Station – perhaps the hub of Andrew Holleran's intense incursion into the underworld of New York homosexuals – and those rows of stalls where Sutherland, queenliest of queens, and Dantesque expert on the multiplied circles of hell, forages daily among the short-time commuters, picking the pubic hair from his teeth as he goes. What's important about *Dancer from the Dance* is that it's neither overwhelmed by Huxley's horror over homosexuals (remember *Eyeless in Gaza*'s repelled glimpse of Beppo Bowles in the eternal urinal at Marble Arch?) nor wholly given up to Genet's excitements over outlawry and blasphemy.

To be sure, some of the novel's efforts fail to come off. Its religious touch, its own talk of beatific visions and the like, lacks Genet's force, because Genet knows exactly which church, which commandments he's inverting and hence precisely what blasphemous frisson he's after, whereas America's traditional religious liberalism offers too unpronounced an opposition and too vague a religious thrill to its subverters. And though Holleran's affection for writing in purple patches gives up some telling disco-land scenes, vivid catalogues of wardrobe-contents, a stupendous final party, and some moving *nostalgie* of the 'that summer' variety, his prose can too much labour its changeless city, its prisoners of love, its 'If Helen Keller can get through life, we certainly can' attitudinising. Still, *Dancer from the Dance* is extremely memorable. It may be that the attempt to do a Scott Fitzgerald on gay America, to rewrite *The Great Gatsby* with recessive Malone as the mysterious 'figure on which everything rested. The central beautiful symbol' of our dancing years, pongs a little of the Creative Writing course recently undertaken. But Andrew Holleran is a new novelist of whom we'll hear much more.

America Made Me, though fetching enough, is a much more ordinary version of North American picaresque. Out of Kerouac by Salinger; on the road, but caught in the wry. Al travels – 'no rest for the wicked as my mother used to say' – by plane and greyhound bus, to New York, Boston, Chicago, San Diego, Haiti, dropping out, dropping in, selling plastic seatings to Diners, selling coffee, selling his blood, sitting in front of napalm trains, sitting on the benches in mid-Broadway (a 'desperado of the western world') 'I don't belong period,' he thinks, as he drifts parentless, family-less, from woman to woman, from Camus to Simone Weil, up and down the numerated grid of New York streets ('That is the image of life, folks, the pilgrim's progress, from 42nd to 86th'). America is, of course, so big that a fly-paper fiction like this simply can't help getting fascinating things stuck to itself. But formlessness, even of the well-tried picaresque kind, remains formless, and even more thoughtful reflection on the consequences of political horrors than this novel goes in for would scarcely help it shun that inconsequentiality.

Catastrophe Practice offers an impressively eager effort to corral and enact within its gatherum of plays, prefaces, a postscript and 'a novel', reflections on the (rather dubious) mathematical Catastrophe Theory; and thoughts on Brecht, Sartre, Monod, Husserl, Gregory Bateson, plus the theatres of cruelty and absurdity. Alas, Nicholas Mosley is no Stoppard: he just can't animate the ideas he's trying to dribble across the park. What's more, fictions within fictions, *tout simple*, look dog-eared now. Flann O'Brien got there ages ago. Even Conrad has chaps saying 'This is absurd'. Dialogue like 'Well, what is happening'; 'I don't know'; 'But someone must'; 'I don't see why' – and ciné-roman tricks like the reel within the real and shots of hands holding babies that might also be holding the pen – have rather made their little points already.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Kevin Brownlow

It Didn't Happen Here

You cannot practise the craft of film-making as you can the craft of painting; the cost of the materials is beyond the pocket of all but the wealthiest. And film-making is an art which cannot be achieved alone. Even if you succeed in directing and photographing it by yourself, you have to depend on laboratories to process the result. And, worst obstacle of all, you have to find someone to distribute it.

Making a film is like competing in the Grand National: if one fence doesn't bring you down, the next will. But one cannot apply this metaphor, with its suggestion of speed, energy and exhilaration, to distribution. For distribution in Britain is a sluggish morass, a maw that sucks in your hard-won picture and returns you next to nothing – you're lucky to hear the pop of a bubble.

Andrew Mollo and I formed a team back in the Fifties. We directed and produced a feature film *It Happened Here*, depicting a Nazi occupation of Britain during the second world war, for £7,000. Woodfall Films, who finally raised the money, sold the film to United Artists for £10,000. Accountants and lawyers ate up the small profit – we saw nothing from that. UA put the film on the shelf for 18 months. When they opened it at their showcase theatre the London Pavilion it grossed £23,000 in six weeks. 'How does it feel to be rich?' we were asked. We never found out. According to UA, they had spent £22,000 on advertising, not to mention the rent of the London Pavilion. After a second run at the Gala Royal, UA lost all interest in the film and it received no circuit booking.

The pattern was the same in the United States: a respectable opening, then dead silence. Exhibitors asking to book the film were quoted a high price and awkward conditions; hardly any of them bothered. The film found its way on to the UA 16 mm catalogue, where it was listed by title only without even the benefit of a description. Andrew Mollo and I repeatedly requested UA for the return of the rights (which they held in perpetuity). When a reply eventually came UA argued that the film had $28,000 left in TV sales (it had never been shown on American television) and offered to sell us our own film for $30,000.

The late George Ornstein, who ran UA in Britain at that time, told us that we had had a raw deal. When Ornstein moved over to become co-producer of the Bond films he employed a floor-load of accountants to check UA's figures. He told us that they cost a lot but saved him a fortune.

It is true, of course, that during the past decades the cinema has lost much of its popular appeal and has become, like the live theatre, an expensive entertainment directed towards a comparatively small, affluent audience. Films with minority appeal stand no chance of making a profit in British cinemas – our public may be said to get precisely what it deserves. Even so, the big distributors do pitifully little to keep the art of film alive; book publishers after all constantly issue novels and poetry directed at a minority audience, subsidising the venture out of the profits made by best-sellers and commercial books. Why do film distributors not do the same?

But what of the 'art house' circuit which, were it better organised and more enterprising, could provide the best independent film-makers with that impossible dream a living from their work? It became our only hope after *It Happened Here* went into the records as a film that did not make money. Andrew Mollo and I were thereafter seldom considered for commercial feature films. It was almost 10 years before our next chance came. But once again we had to work for nothing. The British Film Institute Production Board gave us a grant to produce and direct *Winstanley*, based on David Caute's novel *Comrade Jacob*. In various forms the project had already been turned down by most companies in Wardour Street. When the film was completed we avoided the big-name distributors entirely, aiming at what we assumed was the flourishing art-house circuit. The BFI had a distribution department, but it displayed even less commercial acumen than we did. A German television company reportedly offered £10,000 for the film, but nothing came of it – or, in BFI parlance, 'It isn't going through as easily as one at first thought it might'. Four years later the BFI was still 'pursuing the matter'.

BBC-2 seemed the obvious choice. Perhaps, following the example of *Akenfield*, a combined premiere on television and at a small London cinema. But the BFI had no success whatever with the BBC. I couldn't believe they would turn the film down. Even if they disliked it, wouldn't they still support another government-funded department like the BFI? Surely they don't have to like every feature film they run? (*Dr Terror's House of Horrors*?) But the argument cut no ice with the controller of BBC-2, to whom I sent a personal appeal. 'One of our own junior directors,' wrote Aubrey Singer on 25 October

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1977, 'given the same facility would have made a better job.' (I was delighted when he was transferred to radio.)

The reaction to the film at its premiere at the London Film Festival was much more positive. (And the Festival gave me a chance to put the art-house circuit distributors on the spot. Apart from the Other Cinema, virtually none of them had made approaches for *Winstanley* or several of the other BFI productions.) '*Winstanley* strikes me as a simple, hard and beautiful film to watch and to listen to,' wrote Alexander Walker in the *Evening Standard*.

> It is really so original an undertaking that you feel like banging your head against the wall in despair at the thought of some of our native British distributors who (up to now) have fought shy of playing it in their cinemas.

Jonathan Rosenbaum, in *Time Out*, wrote:

> Films which come into the world without ready-made marketing labels are usually damned before they start which may help to explain why the most beautiful and original English narrative film of the past decade lacks a distributor in this country. If *Winstanley* had been made in another language with subtitles, it probably would have garnered all the necessary raves in a flash; but, alas, this black and white study of the 17th century is English to the core – as intransigent and idiosyncratic as its title hero.

Curiously, the film received the most energetic distribution in France where it won reviews of the most extraordinary enthusiasm, and it played in Paris not in one cinema but two – for months. Unfortunately the distribution company have not proved quite so enthusiastic in their financial returns – and so far the BFI have not received any money from them. It seems to be the same in Italy, where at one time we were told it was running in 12 small theatres. No money, though. It's as though admission was free.

In England the distributors were utterly apathetic. The only thing they reacted to were the barbs of the critics. Jonathan Rosenbaum's review in *Time Out* drew an irritated letter from Charles Cooper of Contemporary Films who had at long last tendered an offer for the film following the press notices of the London Film festival. We answered:

> Distribution is such a desperate problem for the independent film-maker in this country that we decided to use *Winstanley* to focus attention on the subject. We showed it to the Independent Film Distributors including a representative of Contemporary Films in June 1975. No offers were received. The Other Cinema had already seen the film and had already asked for it, but we decided to make an issue of the general lack of interest – as much for the benefit of the other BFI Production Board films as for our own.
>
> After the Board was reinvigorated by Mamoun Hassan it was responsible for a remarkable series of pictures, and became the nearest thing we've got to a National Cinema. It is profoundly depressing that these film-makers should sweat their hearts out for next to nothing to be greeted upon completion of their film with a shattering display of indifference from the distributors.
>
> During the London Film Festival, our campaign helped to bring this matter further into the open. It also created a lot of publicity for *Winstanley*. As a result, we received an offer from Contemporary. It was a good offer. But it came seven months after the original show. The managing director Charles Cooper had not seen it earlier 'because of the difficulties I have experienced trying to obtain distribution of films made by the BFI Production Board.' We realise the problems. But we film-makers have to overcome much greater problems to make the pictures in the first place. Do we have to take on the burden of distribution as well?

Having decided to entrust the film to the Other Cinema we were delighted when Nick Hart-Williams informed us that their West End cinema would open with *Winstanley*. The film ran at the Other Cinema for five weeks and in accordance with their promise they brought it back from time to time. At the first run it was seen by 4,935 people. A single TV screening would have been seen by at worst three million. The total net earnings were £3,897.89 which, for a film costing £24,000, was hardly encouraging. And yet for an independent British feature it did as well as could be expected – which is precisely why there are so few independent British features.

The Other Cinema distributed the film in 16mm and 35mm to film societies and colleges around the country. There came a point when they owed the BFI a considerable sum. They had been an honest, if slapdash, outfit (we kept hearing horror stories of the film arriving backwards with the reels in the wrong cans, resulting in understandable confusion when the reels were shown in the wrong order). Certainly, they were light years away in their attitude from United Artists.

But the result is the same. No money. The Other Cinema closed down their West End theatre. They exist now as a distribution organisation, paying small amounts against their vast debts. One can only have sympathy for them. But perhaps the independent film-maker deserves even more.

Rex Pyke writes:

Akenfield was a film about the plight of the agricultural worker shown through three generations living in a village less than 100 miles from London. Rather than research the people living in the village, rewriting their words and then passing them on to actors to repeat, we decided to give all the responsibilities of content to the villagers themselves. We asked them to portray the years 1974, 1944, and 1914, so that the same people were playing themselves, their parents, and their grandparents, all the same age.

Ronald Blythe, a poet living in the community, extracted incidents from his book *Akenfield*, working them into a 20-page synopsis – the only written words. From then on, every word was invented by the person who spoke it at the time of filming. Financing such an improbable venture as a 35mm cinemascope film running one and a half hours, without a script, bankable stars, or the

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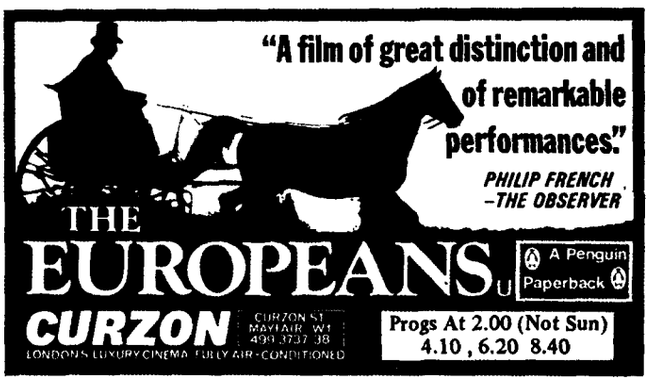
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statutory car chases and murders, was unconventional. Instead of the finance coming from a single large source, it came from many small ones:

1. Investment of £20,000 from friends.
2. Investment of £60,000 from the technicians and facilities companies.
3. A sale of £15,000 to English TV.
4. A loan of £25,000 secured against foreign rights from the same TV company.

Collecting small amounts from many different sources created problems. The investors naturally wanted two assurances: firstly, before giving us their investment, they had to know that the rest of the money needed to complete the film was there, and that we would not have to go back to them for more; secondly, that when the film was made there was a guarantee that they would get their contracted return.

We formed a trust, all rights in the project being assigned to it. Instead of having to convince all the investors individually that we had the elements needed to make the film, we just convinced the trustees, and the investors took their word. The trust owned the film, then collected all the returns, and divided them between the beneficiaries. All the investments were equal, £1 invested by the clapper boy being equal to a £1 invested by Samuelsons, or a cash investor. A true cooperative. LWT, the TV company, wanted no part of this scheme. They were in it for other reasons. When seeking their franchise they had used Peter Hall's name in exchange for a nice parcel of shares, and as yet had not used his creative talents. Involvement in *Akenfield* was a cheap way of ingratiating themselves with the IBA.

We took nearly a year to shoot the film, filming only at weekends, so allowing us to capture the changing seasons and the villagers to lead their normal working lives during the week. The cast did wonders, writing the film as they went along, finding locations, props and costumes. The few of us who came down from London each weekend were there just to help them with their film. To do so, we totally abandoned the use of film lights, staging action near open doors and bright windows. Restricting ourselves to a small and intimate unit, and also complying with union agreements, meant we often had more technicians on salary back in London doing nothing than we had in Suffolk filming.

A year after shooting, 56 hours of material had been edited down to 90 minutes, and we were ready to show it. From the beginning our fear had been that a modest little film like ours might never be seen commercially, and with our responsibilities to the cooperative we had to get mammoth publicity – the sort that only TV can give. By showing it on TV and then in the cinema we would get the exposure we wanted. Those watching the other two channels, or just not watching, might be able to catch it in a cinema later. What we had not foreseen was that by becoming our own distributors, and so doing our own publicity, 15 million people would see it on TV instead of the estimated 3 to 4 million who watch the average play or film.

The publicity started with the London Film Festival. *Akenfield* was the first British film ever to be selected to open the festival. And so it went on: three TV documentaries about the making of it, centre page spreads in the national press, and both colour supplements featuring it on the same Sunday. We had to coincide our cinema opening with the TV transmission, since FIDO (Film Industry Defence Organisation) doesn't allow cinema films to be shown on TV for four years, and the union doesn't allow TV films to be shown in the cinema. The simultaneous showing would make it difficult to define what ours was. The only cinema that we could get to coincide with the TV date was the Paris Pullman. It played there for seven weeks, grossing £7,851. By the time the cinema had charged us for their advertising in the national press, we received from them only £206. That was us as distributor: the distributor then has to pay the producer.

As we were unable to pay back LWT's loan against the overseas rights a new deal was forced upon the members of the cooperative, meaning that now LWT got paid back their full investment first, and would actually move into making a profit at the point at which the members of the cooperative would only just start to get repaid. They also insisted on placing the film with their associated sales company, Richard Price TV Associates, who to date have only managed to sell it to Ireland ($750), Iceland ($420), Finland ($1,300), and New Zealand (NZ $1,368). For doing us this service they charged 25% and lost a £700 print which we gave them in America. No one is distributing it now; it will never be seen again. Every fragment of unused film, tapes, and scraps of paper associated with the making of it are held in a special room at Essex University. This is the final fate of the definitive record of East Anglian agricultural life.

In the motor industry management and workers are often indifferent to the making of cars. Film-makers, on the other hand, actually like and want to make films in general, and their own films in particular. This desire is exploited by TV and Wardour Street. For £15,000 LWT got two national screenings, that is to say, over three hours prime time (8.00 Sunday evening), because we wanted to make that film. By July 1979 the trustees have received a total of £2,590 from all sources – all of which, of course, now goes to LWT.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Other Edens

La fedeltà premiata *Glyndebourne*

The Glyndebourne season began with live chickens scavenging in the barnyard of *Fidelio*. It ends with stuffed sheep petted by mock-rustics in Haydn's *La fedeltà premiata*. Peter Hall's version of pastoral in *Fidelio* was earthily realistic: Rocco's relaxation in the prison was digging his vegetable patch. John Cox's pastoral in his production of the Haydn opera is jokily fake: the shepherds are courtiers play-acting, the grass on which they loll is nylon carpetry, and the landscape through which they wander is a pallid academic watercolour.

The production of *La fedeltà premiata* aims to evoke the artificial paradise of Esterháza, where the opera was first performed in 1781. Haydn's patron Nicolaus I Esterházy had built himself an improbable pleasance in the malarial Hungarian marshes. His gardens there were a wilderness subdued to art and consecrated to defunct deities: statues of Diana, Fortune and Love were the terminal gods of the walks. Wild boar prowled through the denser reaches of the wood but, as a traveller reported in 1784, 'are quite tame and come and nudge the walkers all the time'. The bucolic idyll of *La fedeltà premiata* is likewise haunted by a monster which at last reveals itself to be benign. In Cumae lovers who have the temerity to remain faithful risk being sacrificed to an ogre; but the venomous seabeast is transmogrified into Diana, who has merely been policing sexual conduct. Like Pope's malodorous grotto at Twickenham, like Watteau's island of Cytherea spoiled by the disease of satiety, or like Beckford's labyrinthine, erotically entangling gardens at Queluz, Esterháza is one of the 18th century's engineered and unsatisfactory Edens, and *La fedeltà premiata* actually celebrates the idyll's failure, because it was written to open a new opera house built by the prince after fire had gutted his phantasmal palace.

Cox's notion of making the opera comment on the circumstances of its composition at Esterháza is fine, but he has not had the single-mindedness to stick by it. Hugh Casson's backcloths are too bland and serene, suggesting the placid Sussex downs not the ornamental horticulture of Nicolaus's grounds, and Cox has similarly chosen to flatteringly identify the benevolent despot's realm of Esterháza with Glyndebourne itself. His production is therefore less interested in the landscape of Esterháza than in its aristocratic society, and he defers to Glyndebourne's egregious patrons by treating them as the modern equivalents of Nicolaus's hangers-on. Hence his presentation of the opera itself as a performance. The singers are posturing toffs lazing outside the proscenium, who participate in Haydn's piece as in a time-killing charade. Even the performing edition of the work is adapted to pander to the bibulous indifference of Glyndebourne's public; a ballet of satyrs has been interpolated at the beginning of the second act 'in order' (according to one of the company's musicologists) 'to capture the audience's attention after the interval'.

Like a sycophant at court, Cox both fears and despises his affluent employers and, assuming that they're more interested in picnicking than in listening to the music, he serves up a series of gags which are (he imagines) inane enough to keep them amused. In the process he admits his own lack of trust in Haydn's fine opera. Guns fire to interrupt an aria; the sacrifices incite puttering gusts of smoke from a furnace; the horn Lindoro blows goes fartingly flat. The courtly artifice everywhere defuses dramatic action into clever jest: a domestic is even employed to slap himself, saving Lindoro's cheek from Celia's wrath. The singers have been persuaded to campily send themselves up. The Fileno of Max-René Cosotti is not a lugubrious shepherd but a posturing Italian tenor. James Atherton as Lindoro twirls a cane like Astaire and skips through one of his arias. Kathleen Battle is required to squeak, squawk and stamp her foot as the ill-tempered soubrette Nerina. Thomas Allen's Perruchetto is a cowardly lion. Fear is an important subject of *La fedeltà premiata*: the characters are all

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terrorised by external menaces, but their real fear is of their own sexual susceptibility. The clowning in which Cox has drilled Allen prevents him from expressing this truth, and would have left the work without an emotional centre if it weren't for the outstanding Celia of Julia Hamari, who has resisted the producer's enticements to slapstick. Her singing is heartfelt, and her acting – which registers the strain of the dissimulation forced on her – makes sense of a plot which Cox is happy to leave as a farcical farrago.

The musical performance is distinguished, and Bernard Haitink conducts vigorously. But Cox has reduced the work to a concert in costume played for the benefit of two sets of bored plutocrats – the 18th century ones on stage, and their duded-up heirs in the stalls. Instead of paying tribute to Glyndebourne as a latterday Esterhàza, Cox's production insults the theatre by treating it as a purveyor of post-prandial giggles to a doomed social class.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Chop, Chop

Outside Edge by RICHARD HARRIS *Hampstead*
Hippolytus from EURIPIDES by DAVID RUDKIN *Warehouse*
Amabel by TERRY JOHNSON *Bush*

As one who occasionally trundles down the pitch on this journal's behalf, clutching my mid-life beer-belly and doing my best to prevent it damaging the daisies, I can scarcely be expected to approve of a play that regards cricket as an immature distraction for overblown kids, useful only because, in the words of one sour-faced wife, it 'keeps their little minds off the nastier side of life'. Yet I have to admit that the Hampstead audience seemed unreasonably amused by the silly-season capers of Richard Harris's characters and Robin Lefevre's cast: Richard Kane's ra-ra captain, who sees himself as the leader of a 'fighting unit' which will strike terror into the hearts of a British Rail Maintenance eleven; Julia Mackenzie's tea-making wife, a trifle weary of conjugal commands that invariably begin with the words 'chop, chop', and more than a little indignant to learn that her husband has been having 'naughties' on the side; Julian Curry's lecherous carpet salesman, number five in the batting order, who calls everyone 'old boy' or 'squire' and outrageously patronises his spouse; John Kane's boozy number three, who is suspected of betraying his second wife with his first; and not least, the suburban language and lifestyles, a glum compendium of valium and flashy BMWs, 'good lady' and 'fair do's', Dorking and East Moseley. 'Mais certainement le vin rouge,' characteristically smirks one fake-courtly Botham-substitute, asked to buy something at the off-licence; 'Yeah, white wine', comes the predictable reply.

Does it all begin to sound just a bit familiar? The geographic centre of Ayckbournism is, after all, somewhere in the Surrey commuter belt, and its emotional one might be any of several marriages on funny-grisly display here. But the acolyte has much to learn from the master in the way of creating comic tension, exploiting funny situations, avoiding social condescension, and, most important of all, successfully deepening the quality of the audience's laughter. If an Ayckbourn character had come out with the line Mr Harris puts into someone's distraught mouth – 'Oh God, what have I done with my life?' – we would probably have felt the fatuity and pathos in roughly equal proportions. That was certainly the effect produced by the more dilapidated figures in *Just Between Ourselves* and *Joking Apart*. But here everything is nudged towards caricature, extravagance, excess. Surely it wasn't possible to squeeze yet another joke out of the unlikely love-match between Maureen Lipman, playing a lanky do-it-yourself fanatic and amateur 'brickie', and Ian Trigger, the team's tiny slow bowler and her household pet? But, yes, it was. 'I won him in a raffle,' she bayed from somewhere behind her mile-wide specs; and the audience laughed for the umpteenth time, intensifying once more the feeling I'd had for most of the evening, of being a man without an armpit at a party for the pathologically ticklish.

From *Afore Night Come* in 1960 to *Sons of Light* last year David Rudkin has been sending us front-line dispatches from the continuing war between reason and instinct, repression and licence: so it's not surprising that his first classical 'realisation' (to use the programme's quaint evasion) should be *Hippolytus*, a deadly skirmish between Artemis, representing the clean outdoors life, and Aphrodite, representing the hurly-burly of chaise-longue. Pretty crisply performed it is, too, with Natasha Parry a pained and melancholy Phaedra and Michael Pennington a very fastidious Hippolytus, upper lip twisted in misogynistic outrage. The trouble is that Rudkin, on his day as original a poet as our theatre possesses, seems determined to elaborate Euripides into some agonisingly earnest psychologist or sociologist: the hero is rebuked for neglecting 'your sexuality, a dimension of being alive'; reason is dubbed 'a mark of evolving consciousness, an evolutionary necessity'; and, if I remember aright, the goddess ends by delivering a Rudkinesque sermon on the need for human wholeness, 'integration'. There were times when I felt that an insult of fearful proportions was being perpetrated. Greek, that most concrete and direct of languages, had ballooned into something that sounded as abstract and pompous as Latin; and no appeal to contemporary 'relevance', nor any claim that modern English itself has become painfully rotund, can be allowed to justify *that*.

Briefly, *Amabel* brings together a ribald and limping Toulouse-Lautrec, the blind Degas, a good many whores, and the innocent love-child of a raunchy madam, leaving a somewhat unfocused, inconclusive impression behind it. But then focus and conclusiveness are not in themselves dramatic virtues, and there's enough sprightly originality in Terry Johnson's writing to squelch any embryonic condescension on my part. Besides, it is difficult to dislike a play that openly says what must pass through a million minds in Paris, London, Washington or wherever else those elegant backs and spindly arms are displayed: 'Have you ever considered, Degas, if your subject-matter isn't a little, well, *limited*?'.

Gavin Ewart

Compiling an Antho

While Clive James is reading Varro
I am on the straight and narrow
rhyming verse,
quite content to fly no higher
than the wit of Pope and Prior,
leaving Erse

and such far-out things to scholars
gathering up almighty dollars
in each fist.
Let them keep Hengist and Horsa,
I've got geniuses like Chaucer
on *my* list.

civilised, realistic, bawdy,
not romantic, pi or gaudy
and by miles,
if you feel like being selective,
master of the most effective
'middle' styles.

Pope was once, they say, to Dryden
much as Mozart was to Haydn
(whizzkid, nurse)
and one doesn't need a thesis
to sort out the masterpieces,
better, worse;

his stands there in clear cool brightness
rivalling lager in its lightness,
the famous *Rape* –
classical in every line, in
form so like a god, divine in
human shape,

Der Lockenraub, as Germans call it
(translation, though, can only maul it),
our social life
is there complete, extreme and utter,
its cutting edge treats us like butter,
it's a knife.

And if you're anxious to admire an
equal masterpiece, try Byron.
Don Juan goes
as deep into the social fabric
(less airy than Pope's dainty cambric),
heads to toes,

with rhymes far better than my poor ones,
none of them rustic, out-of-door ones,
it covers *us*.
We are the subject of those Cantos –
do-gooders, fascists, esperantos,
fret and fuss,

the hot young dogs and cool flamingoes,
lords and ladies and their lingos,
it's all there.
So go back to your paperbacking,
murder, mayhem, wine and whacking,
pubic hair,

follow fashion (fashion wrecks you all)
where the girls are supersexual,
all get laid.
Goodbye, I'm off, I wish you luck,
God willing, I'll be getting stuck
into Praed.

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Music

Andrew Clements

Mundana

George Crumb *AlbertHall/Radio 3*
Witold Lutoslawski *Albert Hall/Radio 3*

Star-Child is certainly spectacular. It calls for four conductors, an enormous orchestra with eight percussionists, seven trumpeters dispersed around the auditorium, a soprano soloist, two children's choirs and a male-voice chorus. As a contemporary work calculated to excite a Proms audience it could hardly be bettered. It is also by some considerable margin the most bathetic work Crumb has produced, the sadly inevitable outcome of a line of development in the last 15 years which has continually nagged at the borders of good taste. I have rehearsed before the virtues and shortcomings of Crumb's music. He possesses an extraordinarily acute ear for novel and telling instrumental sonorities, plus a showman's sense of the potent dramatic effect. His music is undeniably well imagined, but it often leaves a depressingly superficial impression. His confections often carry with them a wide-ranging baggage of extra-musical allusion – quotations from Lorca, Rilke and Pascal, quasi-mystical titles and formal structures.

Completed in March 1977, *Star-Child* carries these familiar pre-occupations forward on to a much broader canvas than ever before. Crumb calls it a 'parable'; in essence it's a series of settings of religious texts bound together by 'a sense of progression from darkness (or despair) to light (or joy and spiritual realisation) as expressed by both music and text'.

The music itself stretches a series of events on to the 'Musica Mundana', a slowly moving chordal passage for the strings (notated in the score on a circular stave) repeated continuously throughout the work's 35 minutes. Study of the score reveals the usual imaginative approach to sounds, particularly in the percussion writing, but their effect goes for nothing in such a context. For instance, the gentle, ghostly effect of bowing a wooden ruler held against a timpani may make its mark in a small-scale chamber work, but it's barely audible in the vast spaces of the Albert Hall. Take away the gloss of this sensitivity and the paucity of Crumb's ideas is revealed. A witty exchange between the soprano and a muted trombone near the beginning of the work has the right sort of public projection; the 'Apocalyptica' section, with the statutory seven trumpets and four drummers representing the four horsemen, conjures a stirring image; but the rest soon blurs into a grey, undifferentiated musical curtain. The final dissolution into the children's choirs and handbells is a remarkably barefaced stroke of sentimentality.

Three nights later the BBCSO gave the second British premiere of this year's Proms. Lutoslawski's new works come slowly. *Mi-Parti*, a short orchestral showpiece, was heard last year, but *Les Espaces du Sommeil* is a more substantial offering, achieving incomparably more in its 15 minutes than *Star-Child* managed in more than twice the time. It is a setting for baritone and orchestra of a poem by the French surrealist Robert Desnos, a text of shifting, colliding images and sudden changes of perspective, the whole sustained by recurring references to the poet's lover. Lutoslawski sets the words quite simply: in a work written for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau there is much emphasis on beauty of tone and sustained, exact enunciation. Ungrateful leaps are avoided; the voice is often confined to a handful of pitches. Around it is set the orchestral contribution: a patchwork of fragments and gestures, as ever in Lutoslawski's recent music mixing exactly notated passages with sections in which the precise coordination of the individual lines is left undetermined, fastidiously working out tiny melodic cells and exploring aggregates of notes. The instruments are used in family blocks – flutes trace and exchange arabesques, trumpets build up and release block chords, string layers shift and gently slide. The mixture is extraordinarily potent in supporting the poem's imagery; cross-references in the structure emerge naturally on further acquaintance with the argument and the few climaxes are unerringly placed. The ending, a sudden flurry of sound which gradually ebbs away after the baritone's final 'Dans la nuit il y a toi. Dans le jour aussi', was entirely unforced. The performance by John Shirley-Quirk, conducted by the composer, seemed exemplary.

Television

Julian Barnes

Prunes

Even though it was only filmed in a Cheshire wood, and the *TV Times* photo showed its 160-foot train to be made of 2-D plywood, Granada's *Gossip From the Forest* was filled with the sound of money singing. Lush sets and costumes, old cars, railway carriages, hotels, a cast of dozens: it was a relief to see them for once not at the service of some jumped-up soapie about a complacent, semi-delinquent member of the royal family, but embellishing a gaunt, severe retelling – largely from the German side – of the signing of the 1918 Armistice in Compiègne forest. It started in a flurry of anxious and drunken Krauts, moved to a high-flown, vengeful Foch buttressed by two straight-up British naval officers, and ended with the fateful signing in which the confused Germans gave in to every Allied demand. It all led, if we are to believe Thomas Keneally's epilogue (and don't we believe it a bit routinely nowadays?) to Hitler, the second round, and (among other things) a return visit to the same railway carriage in 1940; which is not, of course, the same as saying it was all our own fault.

For a play whose outcome we knew before it started, *Gossip* engendered a surprising degree of tension; though not from the 'drama' side of this drama-documentaryish project, since Keneally and/or his adaptor Brian Gibson weren't over-generous about filling in the human relationships involved. Some of the tension came from historical hindsight; much, though, simply came from worrying your way along with each of the characters – which in turn extorts a tribute to the excellence of the acting. Hugh Burden bristled and brooded as Foch; Vernon Dobtcheff turkey-cocked as a low-rent Prussian general; but the memorable performance came from John Shrapnel as Matthias Enzberger, civilian head of the German delegation, trade unionist and minister without portfolio, speaker-out against colonial misdemeanours ('Those atrocities set you up for life, didn't they?' sneered his worldier fellow-civilian Alfred). Hunched, vexed, anticipating the worst yet unable to avoid it, Shrapnel squirmed and worried and snapped at his accomplices, a squat fretter, all shaven skull and widow's peak and peasant's ears and suspicious nose; even the back of his head seemed to act – to act stiff and Prussian and curveless from crown to nape.

Gossip (the title was presumably intended to disown formality and history) was uneven in parts, but still powerful even in its unevennesses. You didn't know, for instance, quite why the English admiral told the story about the horse committing suicide (it wasn't, thank God, symbolic), but its placing, its oddness, and the reactions of those to whom it was told provided justification enough. (Maybe it was there simply because the play was historically accurate.) The writing was tight and laconic, turning boozy only when Alfred was rebuking Matthias for his peasant circumspection. 'You have no mistress, so you come on a flirtation with a great whore, History.' A whore, as Matthias found out, with a killing dose of clap: he was assasinated only two years later.

'When you're *really* cold, your testicles go like prunes. Well, it was *that* cold, my testicles was like the *stone* out of that prune.' This was a trainee diver on *Inside Story* (BBC-2), describing a dip in a reservoir whose water was so icy that after ten minutes you couldn't feel your fingers. The government-sponsored school at Fort Bovisand is no place for softies, as the recruits discover on the first morning. They are pushed off a jetty 30 feet into a freezing harbour, and if they don't surface at once, throw up their arms in a punching gesture of ok-ness, and start swimming like seals, they get bawled out: 'Get with your buddies, come on, bloody Esther Williams.' Of the fifteen or so starters, many dropped out: with ear and eye troubles, claustrophobia, attacks of panic, and various 'personality inadequacies' – e.g. like being normal. One trainee, diving in the reservoir, blinded, breathless, and frozen stiff, rushed to the surface screaming; in diving parlance, 'He throws a wobbly and panics'. *Inside Story* had this viewer throwing vicarious wobblies all the time. The top graduate of the course is now earning £600 per week tax free in the Gulf: if you watched this engrossing programme, you'd agree he's underpaid.

Funniest sight of the week was George Scott on *The Editors* (BBC-1), looking like a curate who might or might not have just laid an egg, while a group of agony aunts carelessly batted around his head words like vibrator, clitoris and orgasm. Least funny sight was James 'Work Camp' Anderton, Chief Constable of Greater Manchester, who is getting more competent at TV debate, and more pleased with his competence, seeing off the *Face the Press* team (Tyne Tees) without too much trouble. You switched on in appalled anticipation of his saying something as smug

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as the last time he was interviewed, on *Jaywalking* ('I am tough when I have to be – and wasn't Christ tough when he had to be?'). This time, though, perhaps because two of the panel (Bel Mooney and *Time Out*'s Duncan Campbell) were moderately combative in stance, Anderton managed to get away for most of the time with seeming just a reasonable copper, a lawman who simply enforces the law and, if he's given discretionary powers, well then, it's up to him how he uses them, isn't it? His approach to Ms Mooney was rarely to let her finish a question before butting in with an answer, as if to say, "Ere, 'ere, we in the force know just exactly what you liberal lefties are thinking before the words are even out of your mouths. So move along there, my girl, and don't you give no trouble.' It was bully-boy and patronising, but in terms of TV debate undeniably effective.

Anderton only seemed rattled when questioned about porn and his mass seizures of *Penthouse*. His language – always a lay-preacher's tongue at the best of times – collapsed into brimstone disgust; yet there was a sort of foaming fascination in the way he talked about 'men and women conducting themselves in a most pornographic and horrifying way'. It was the sort of horror which often sounds remarkably like glee. There were a couple of other moments when an interesting Anderton seemed to peep through the Dock Green facade. In an exchange with Ms Mooney, he explained how his own character had been improved with the help of a few good thrashings: 'Do you give people self-respect by beating them?' 'What do you mean by beating?' 'Administering corporal punishment.' 'Yes.' And right at the end of the programme Anderton was reminded of his sometime self-characterisation as 'an obstinate and irrevocable moralist'. When he recognised the quote his face suffused with pleasure. 'Absolutely,' he beamed back. It was a nice shot of a prime cut of British self-righteousness.

Sport

Russell Davies

Bottom Ten

Once again we have reached that time of year which sport-haters most bitterly detest. There is simply no rest from scores and races, placings and times. The sports pages burrow hugely backwards into the body of one's newspaper (a feast, obviously, for anal types). Even the search for restful news about the Royal Family yields nothing but photos of four-goal Prince Charles dropping his hard-won silver Polo Cup on to the unyielding soil of Albion ('Hello, Aspreys? Palace here. Give me Arthur in Bent Trophies, will you?'). Many of the stories seem calculated to annoy. The mere thought of motor sport snarling on and on, round and round, is enough to inflame the tempers of those among us who are now wondering whether anything short of plastic surgery will convince our local petrol-pump proprietor that our beseeching face is to be counted among his favoured 'Regulars'. But I had almost given up reading Grand Prix reports anyway. (Just the same, I was glad not to have missed the Motor Cycling column in Tuesday's *Guardian*, where news was just in from a wet track somewhere in Finland: 'Maurizio Massimiani reported that even his 125cc Morbidelli was sliding viciously.' If I had a Morbidelli, I don't think I'd expect anything else from the brute.)

On top of all this – the athletes' daily wrangling over their right to represent themselves rather than GB, the latest scores from the endless plodding tennis circuit (Virginia Wade, spectacularly unmotivated one assumes, loses 6-0, 6-1 to Evonne Goolagong in, I think, Argentina) – comes the ominous rumble of the approaching football season. The Saturday stirrings of a stale old remembered habit are dreaded even by some of the supposed enthusiasts. Must winter succeed winter quite so impatiently? The new season's first batch of billowing, bellowing scarves passed my front door last Saturday, on its way to Cambridge Utd v. Norwich City in the Willhire Cup. Two-nil to Cambridge, plenty of arrests. More arrests at Colchester on Monday in the same competition.

In an atmosphere like this, I am forced to admit that the anti-sport lobby must be conceded its token sacrifices. I have therefore drawn up a list of ten scapegoat sports which this column is prepared to see cancelled, withdrawn, expunged from the record. Anyone who cares to go on practising them, of course, is welcome to do so, for they are probably all fun to do; but as far as watching, recording, interpreting goes – no thanks. I should add that this is an expression of straightforward prejudice, reinforced only intermittently by reason. Last time I made sweepingly slighting remarks about a sport – it was basketball, in which, among other things, scoring is far too monotonously easy – I had a lot of long, barkingly irate letters from very convinced, very tall people. They did not have the desired effect. Here is my list:

1. *Basketball.* See above. End-to-end stuff, *all the time.* The chorus of spidery, flapping arms in the defence zone always looks to me like something out of an updated *Inferno,* where some visiting fireman throws an ice-lolly into the flames.

2. *Ice-dancing.* Base camp on a glacier. Silent-movie-sheik and musical-box ballerina posturings looking for dignity through movement.

3. *Water-skiing.* Never has a 'sport' grown so shamelessly out of showing-off, which is what it remains: high-speed preening. Any year now, the World Freestyle Championship will be won by a marble-headed charlie from California who will paint his toenails pink as he whiffles along.

4. *Power-boat racing.* Men too objectionable to be motorists become power-boat pilots. The exciting sensations they experience have less to do with speed than with bullying the water. Not the kind of sport, as my colleague Julian Barnes puts it, 'in which many readers of *The Female Eunuch* would be involved'.

5. *Ten-pin bowling & Drag-racing.* These may have merits of their own, but they are really ways of playing at Being Americans. The English are not good enough at this to make it anything more than depressing.

6. *White-water canoeing.* An unfortunate victim of the differences in intensity between doing and seeing. A desperate canoeist may come veering down a foaming chute, stand his craft on its end, crash backwards into the flow, perform three 360-degree rolls with full scrape of the face along the shingly bottom, come up bleeding from all points with an eel in each ear and *still* look as though he's having fun. He probably isn't. All the callous spectator wants to do is complain: the sport is so approximate-looking that you can't tell whether a competitor has negotiated the dangling poles correctly or not.

7. *Greyhounds.* The shortest distance – even shorter than two raindrops down a window, on occasion – between a bet and its consequences. The first greyhound to sidle out of the trap, turn 180 degrees and savage the worthless hare as it comes round the other way will get a jeroboam of *Pal* from me.

8. *Speedway.* Noisier, smellier greyhounds.

9. *Hang-gliding.* So obviously a wish-fulfilment and a sexual gee-up/compensation that it's almost embarrassing to look at them. I imagine them lying in fields, afterwards, smoking a wistfully vertical cigarette and murmuring 'How was it for you, Mother Nature?'

10. *Four-in-hand, trotting races, etc.* Sport as circus act; participants all ringmasters by inclination, if not, indeed, by trade.

As for which sport generates the most devastating bores, I should think any of above-named is off to a fair start. The claims of golf are well known, and it is becoming dangerously fashionable these days to be a cricket bore. However, I should think the one who'd take some beating, in or out of season, would be the curling bore – even the name sounds right.

Films

John Coleman

Mark II

Beyond the Poseidon Adventure (A) *Warner 2; Studio, Oxford Circus; Scene*
Boulevard Nights (X) *Gate Two, Russell Square*

'Son of Poseidon'? No. The literate might be expecting a biopic based on the lives of the Laestrygones, Polyphemus, Antaeus, or yet Procrustes. Given the warrant of *Jaws, The Godfather, The French Connection* – to drop a name or two – why not 'Poseidon II'? There is this money-conscious posse, tanned to a man, cool and rich, looking 10 years younger than they are and feeling a century older, seated round a long teak table and eyes-fronted towards whomever is currently playing God. The wheel-chaired, tube-fed, nonagenarian stand-in for a deity, who pays his sleek minions saliva-stimulating sums to be creative, croaks through his false throat. 'Whadda we call it?' The son who also rises emits a murmur. 'I diden hear you,' is the geriatric's swift response. 'Pa – I mean, sir,' continues the moronic fruit of his loins. 'Uh, you remember *The Valley of the Dolls,* that movie about pill-popping broads that made a lot of bread. Well, there was a subsequent event, a right nut-cracker, by some deviate – Russ Meyer – that just slapped 'Beyond' up front. I mean, I

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know you're full to here with seconds and . . . sequels.' The patriarchal artefact released a grunt of approval. He had twigged. The kid had come across and all those private tutors had not been in vain. Bronzed men in corsets slumped around the pseudo-Arthurian table as Mr Big said, 'Right on, sonny. Roll 'em'.

This brief fantasy is a way of not having to go on at length about some two hours of celluloid, seven years on from a grand ocean liner turning topsy-turvy and embracing Shelley Winters dying a plump death. Ronald Neame's *The Poseidon Adventure* was a tolerably well-executed screen-filler of maximum predictability: a luxury liner on its last voyage, crammed with stars and their TV-type problems, met a seismic reversal in the Med on New Year's Eve. A host of extras died; more expensive chaps like Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Carol Lynley hung in there for a while; it was a shame that the upside-downness of things was not more visualised. A clacking row of loo seats, a loony after-*Titantic* ballroom were fine but short measure. Now we have even less invention – and Neptune knows that the matter is fathom-rich – with our Cockney luminary Michael Caine doing a mini-Bogart as captain of a tugboat, cancerous Karl Malden and the flip, uneasy, lived-in presence of Sally Field in attendance. They are after salvage. In a failed effort to lend interest, Telly Savalas and his crew (all in terribly white whites) figure as baddies, off a yacht, after plutonium, finally losers. As a fellow-reviewer once had the guts to write, 'But why I am telling you all this?' Here we have a confection, an assembly of aspirations, the fatigued side of cinema. Beyond? Beyond the pale. Don't play it again, Sam.

In the comparatively relaxed haven of my lovely home, I'm prepared and loin-clothed to be uncritical: the visuals swan by, on a good night intact in their arrogance. This seems the nicest approach to the wretchedly titled and flashily photographed *Boulevard Nights*. Had it been an ethnic spin-off – a minority-morality with Starsky and Hutch or Jack Klugman, as pathologist extraordinary, furnishing the quick-witted glamour (tailored down to the little box) – one would have watched without straining too many cerebral nodes. As a matter of fiction, stretched to fit a larger screen, this incites a critical ugliness. Set in L.A., Chicano territory, it is your original taco-away, ultra-Mex. At worst, it should have been set to music. Music, of course, there is. This affair is zippily directed by Michael Pressman and written by Desmond Nakano (one is all for *verismo* but a glossary of abuse would have helped); it makes a great series of points via stunning locations, hammering home a context; alas, it tells a thumpingly predictable tale. Good brother, bad brother. Good brother worried about his mum's unnamed illness: 'I want you to have it checked, huh?' Cars figure quite alertly: good brother is employed working on their upholstery and for a while secures a job for zombie brother on same; cars crawl nocturnally down Saturday-night boulevards; a car is burnt in a facile analogy of rape. Not for the first time, one is made aware of the importance of the automobile to the American male, the American movie even. A non-driver, I find this ascription of symbolism plain silly. People do drive, however, and may find richness where some of us are just waving for a cab. *Boulevard Nights* might be worth flagging down.

Weekend Competition

No 2577 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Over-indulgence in petrol is now frowned upon rather as over-indulgence in alcohol was in the Victorian age. Could we have verses exhorting the people to petrol abstinence, along the lines of the old temperance hymns. Max 16 lines; by 17 August.

Result of No 2574 **Set by B. Mooring**

We asked for pairs of clerihews about media personalities.

Report **by Little Keith**

We've been getting quite a lot of flak lately from Joyce Johnson. Giving her a Room the other month for pointing out that we'd run the same epitaph comp once before obviously encouraged her to think that if she bitched hard enough she might land one of the last remaining *DBQ*s (from the great firm of Routledge & Kegan Paul). No way. This time she's complaining about 2571 – that 'locks/socks/cocks at her' don't rhyme with 'Uttoxeter' (we're waiting for an adjudication from Gavin Ewart on this one); and also about 2569, the quadrisyllabic river-and-mountain comp. You're on firmer ground here, Joyce: we didn't actually *say* that the rhymes *had* to be of four syllables, but we must admit that there was a strong implication that they should be. Fat Jeff screwed the judging, I'm afraid, by letting in a lot of two-syllable rhymes simply on the grounds that they made him laugh a lot. A fair(ish) cop. Jeff has been banned from judging for six weeks, and temporarily transferred to postal duties.

Still, that's enough nostra culpa for one week. Now it's your turn. *Pairs* of clerihews, we said. Not single clerihews linking two personalities. Two clerihews. One about one person. Another about another person. Right? Five pounds for each pair printed. We also print a few rule-breaking clerihews, but are sending their composers *no money at all* (just to keep in with Joyce). A quid to Pat Blackford for the jolliest opening two lines: 'Michael Wilding/Never appeared in films which he was sexually defiled in.'

Hinge
Evinced more than a twinge
Of regret that some butch bitch of a wag
Called her performance a bit of a drag.

Dame Hilda Bracket
Makes a considerable racket
Which
Is mostly Victorian *kitsch*.
MAUD GRACECHURCH

Erin Pizzey
(Of the earth-mother tizzey)
Damns poets at random,
When she can't understand 'em.

Peter Porter,
Who could verbally slaughter
This soft-headed nerd,
Has yet to be heard.
TIM HOPKINS

Anna Ford –
But not the rest of us – looked bored
Waiting to give viewers a treat
In Flood Street.

Margaret Thatcher
Decided that no one should catch her
And swept by looking sinisterly
Prime Ministerly.
PETER ALEXANDER

Obeying Bill Sowerbutts,
We have all our butts
Filled with rainwater,
Just as we orter.

But we're fed up with Fred Loads
Who just goads
Us to work and sweat like a pig
And go in f'r a dig.
JOYCE JOHNSON

Anna Ford's a Mona Lisa –
She's a
Bird of fame
In a frame.

Lucky Jon Snow
To know
Not only the Giaconda face
But every other delightful place.
T. GRIFFITHS

Jimmy Hill,
Though in his days as a player without supreme skill,
Isn't leery
Of analytic football theory.

On the other hand John Motson,
His dutiful Watson,
Though wedded to practical good sense,
Seems rather dense.
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Commandeering the Uffizi
As a hostel, Erin Pizzey
Said: 'The first thing you can do is scrap
All this visual crap.'

Observed Peter Porter:
'Though I say it as one as didn't oughter,
There's *one* bird as this cobber'd
Love to see clobbered.'
MARTIN FAGG

The accents of Dorian Williams and Raymond Brooks-Ward
Can't be flawed.
They even make landing on your arse
Sound upper clarse.
GERRY HAMILL

Of the two Ronnies
Wonn is
A merry midget:
The other is a fat idjit.
PETER PETERSON

On commercial radio's breakfast show, Holness and Cameron
Yammer on
About jams on the North Circular, burst water mains
And why there are no trains.
JIM ANTHONY

The voices of Arlott and Laker,
Cricket writer and ex-wicket taker,
Complement the monotony
Of Boycott's run-getting (assuming that he's got any).
TED THOMPSON

The brothers Attenborough
Are unlike each other;
Dickie's clap and cues,
Dave's crap and zoos.
BARRY ANTHONY

Cyril Fletcher
Wears the air of a vicarious lecher:
But I bet he doesn't dare pester
Esther.

Anthea?
I fanthea.
Bruthie?
Thomewhat tuthie.
BILL GREENWELL

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 143 **King Hunts**

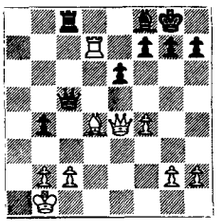
King hunts' – or exciting attacking games in which he defending King is forced to march a long way nto the attacker's territory, only to get mated nyway – are spectators' joy and players' (and nnotators') nightmare. They win brilliancy prizes nd adorn pages of chess publications all over the vorld. They are something of a rarity in top class :hess nowadays. As most strong players have a ighly developed defensive technique and sound ositional styles, sacrificial fireworks tend to erupt nuch less often than a century or so ago.

I hope the readers will enjoy the foliowing exam- le – played in the Lone Pine 79 tournament.

White: Formanek **Black: Bradford**

French Defence

1.P-Q4, P-K3; 2.P-K4, P-Q4; 3.P-K5, P-QB4; 4.P-QB3, N-QB3; 5.N-B3, Q-N3; 6.P-QR3. (An old line. The idea behind this move is to play P-QN4 stabilising the Q-side before embarking on the usual K-side play. If Black tries to prevent this with 6 . . . P-QR4 then White can get a more sound variation of the Milner-Barry gambit with 7.B-Q3.) **6 . . . P-B5** (The recommended move. Personally I mistrust White's position as it seems to me that by simple means Black can build up a strong K-side initiative.) **7.QN-Q2, B-Q2; 8.P-KN3, 0-0-0; 9.B-R3** (Another possibility here is 9.P-KR4 followed by B-R3.) **9 . . . P-B4; 10.N-N5, N-R3; 11.0-0, B-K2; 12.P-B4, BxN; 13.PxB, N-B2; 14.K-R1, P-KR3!** (Illustrating my previous comment.) **15.PxP, RxP; 16.B-N2, QR-R1; 17.P-R3, P-N4; 18.P-QN4, P-N5; 19.P-KR4, RxPch!!?** (Such sacrifices usually rely more on judgement than on precise calculation.) **20.PxR, RxPch; 21.K-N1, NxQP!** (The point. If 22.NxP? N-B6mate; and 22.PxN loses to 22 . . . QxPch; 23.R-B2, P-N6; 24.Q-K1, PxRch; 25.QxP, QxR; 26.QxR, QxBch. So the White King begins his trip.) **22.K-B2, NxP; 23.K-N3, Q-B2; 24.NxP!** (If 24.KxR, N-N3ch; 25.K-N5, B-K1; 26.R-R1, Q-Q1ch; 27.K-R6, Q-B3 wins.) **24 . . . NxNch; 25.KxR, Q-R7ch; 26.K-N5, N-B6ch; 27.BxN, PxB; 28.QxBP, N-K4; 29.Q-R1?** (29.Q-B2! and it is not clear how Black can continue his attack.) **29 . . . Q-N6ch; 30.K-B6, N-N5ch; 31.K-K7, Q-B2; 32.K-B7, B-K1ch;** 33.KxB, N-B3ch; 34.K-B8, K-Q1 and White resigned as there is no defence against Q-K2mate.



Problem 143

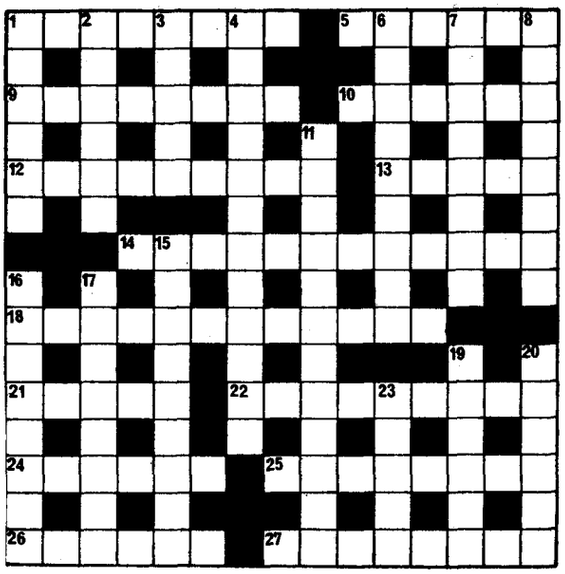
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 15 August.

Solution to Problem 141

1.NxPch, K any; 2.N-B5ch, K-N1; 3.R-R8ch!, KxR; (if 3 . . . NxR4, Q-N4ch and Q-N7 mate) 4.Q-R5ch, K-N1; 5.QxN mate.

Weekend Crossword 1311

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1311, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 14 August.



ACROSS

1 Tell of seed being scattered round the bed (8).
5 Way out for nameless woman (6).
9 Bossy persons who put years on husbands (8).
10 Place where a woman is without company (6).
12 Regret tea is made for soldier (9).
13 Island to put inside everything (5).
14 Putting dots on a map? But there are dots there to start with (12).
18 Naval vantage point for studying one who draws? (7,5).
21 Cultivate the land on either side of the river to the sound of birds (5).
22 What to write on when school is backward with examination questions (9).
24 Peculiar expressions used when the fool is not finished with writing (6).
25 Piece of poetry as a vehicle involving lines (8).
26 The man held in close embraces is a soccer international (6).
27 The man behind the piano is about to get up, the hypocrite (8).

DOWN

1 Put down although the editor holds the book up (6).
2 Source of heat and what it does for divers (6).
3 'O, what a —— and peasant slave am I' (*Hamlet*) (5).
4 Converting large barns or musical instruments (12).
6 Trap a friend with a card in the drinking place (9).
7 In distribution of income the company is thrifty (8).
8 A sailor goes into the drink for a bird (8).
11 How much veracity is there in fourth rating? (5,2,5).
15 Royal standard consisting of circle and weapon round a military decoration (9).
16 Fluctuating costs hit North (8).
17 After ten possibly something sweet and seductive (8).
19 Weapons with a kind of wood between the points (6).
20 Loud people going round the north country (6).
23 His field is in Hampshire (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No. 1310

H	E	A	T	W	A	V	E	S	■	T	R	A	M	P
E	■	V	I	E	■	I	■	A	■	S	■	A	■	■
T	R	A	I	L	E	R	■	S	C	R	A	P	E	R
U	■	I	■	T	■	T	■	P	■	A	■	E	■	■
P	A	L	E	S	T	I	N	E	■	A	N	S	O	N
■	E	■	■	G	■	R	■	U	■	I	■	T	■	■
F	I	D	E	L	I	O	■	S	U	L	T	A	N	A
R	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	G	■	■
O	F	F	H	A	N	D	■	F	A	N	F	A	R	E
B	■	I	S	O	■	A	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	■
I	N	G	O	T	■	E	A	R	T	H	W	O	R	M
S	■	T	W	S	■	M	■	O	■	N	■	O	■	■
H	E	R	R	I	C	K	■	I	N	I	T	I	A	L
E	■	E	S	■	I	■	N	S	■	T	■	A	■	■
R	E	E	V	E	■	N	I	G	H	T	G	E	A	R

Prizewinners to No. 1310

Mrs E. M. Tector (Birmingham)
Jay Daley (London SW4)
Mrs K. Macintyre (London SW4)

APPOINTMENTS

WAR ON WANT
is looking for a London-based
PROGRAMME OFFICER
to develop its work with rural and urban organisations in Latin America. First hand experience of development problems in Latin America and knowledge of Spanish preferable. Closing date **31 August**. For further details contact: **Virginia Segal at War on Want, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7. Tel: 01-609 0211.**

LIBERAL PARTY HQ
seeks
RESEARCH/ NFORMATION OFFICER
'aried and interesting work. Research experience required, especially in economic subjects, also an ptitude for dealing with inquiries. .PPLY: **Dee Doocey, Liberal Party, Whitehall Place, London SW1A HE.**

COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION IN WORLD CITIZENSHIP
requires a
Deputy Director/ Conference Organiser
Salary: £4,200 minimum.
To start 3 September. The post involves organisation of school conferences and meetings, preparation of resource material and background papers. Typing and administrative ability essential. Teaching experience an advantage.
Contact:
Paul Long, CEWC, 43 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DA. Tel: 01-637 8321.
Closing date: 10 August.

NEW APPOINTMENT
THIRD WORLD FIRST
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member to lead policy formation in
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and develop the programme of a growing student campaign on third world issues.
Combination of numeracy and financial judgement, confident personality, political awareness and commitment to democratic work methods ideal.
Details: 3WI (NS), 232 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1UH.

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LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH
Applications are invited for a post of LECTURER IN ENGLISH from candidates qualified in any post-medieval period of English Literature. The post will be tenable from 1 January 1980, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary will be within the range £4,232 to £6,886 per annum on the present salary scale for Lecturers which is £4,232 to £8,452 (under review).
Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar and Secretary, University of Bristol, Senate House, Bristol BS8 1TH, to whom applications should be sent not later than 10 September 1979, (please quote reference EB).

CHILDRENS' BOOK EDITOR needs bright, young Secretary. Busy, enjoyable job offering £4,000+. Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

AMONGST the interesting secretarial vacancies registered with OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), are ones connected with the educational field, c. £4,000, and several varied, non-routine vacancies in the W1 area. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, 01-589 0590.

ARE YOU GRADUATE or 'A' Level Secretary or Typist seeking creative work in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Business World and Non-Commercial? Splendid Permanent and Temporary work always available at Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

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THE VOLUNTEER CENTRE

Assistant Director

£6,886 - £8,452 (under review)

The Volunteer Centre, the national advisory agency on volunteering and community involvement, plans to appoint an assistant director, who will be likely to command a salary at the upper end of the range.

The Centre takes a leading role in encouraging more voluntary involvement, improving the effectiveness of the volunteer contribution and promoting new methods of voluntary action. It works primarily in the health, education, penal and social services in both the voluntary and statutory sectors. Funded by the Home Office and charitable trusts, it carries out its work through four principal functions of information gathering and dissemination, research, training and development.

The post available is one of two senior appointments planned. This present appointment will be an **assistant director to manage either the Information Unit or the Development and Training Unit.** Which of the two jobs is filled first will depend on the experience and qualifications to the applicant selected.

For both posts the following qualities will be required:
— an interest in, and understanding of, the voluntary sector
— a grasp of social policy issues
— managerial ability and policy development skills

In addition, for the Information post, applicants should have
— a working knowledge of information collection, analysis and dissemination, including the publishing process

And for the Development and Training post
— experience of one or more of the voluntary or statutory health, social, probation or education services.

To avoid the high cost of a Central London location, the Centre is in Berkhamsted in pleasant surroundings close to the station (thirty minutes from Euston). Telephone for details and application forms to **the Administrative Officer at the Volunteer Centre, 29-33 Lower King's Road, Berkhamsted, Herts, HP4 2AB. Tel: Berkhamsted (04427) 73311.**

Closing date for completed application forms **20 August.**
INTERVIEWS WILL BE ON 24 AUGUST 1979.

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DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION

to take overall responsibility for the newly formed

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The Department will be based in appropriate accommodation in Central or North West London. A starting salary of £10,000 p.a. plus expenses is envisaged. Suitable qualifications and experience in the fields of education and Jewish studies will be expected. The appointment will operate from 1 September 1979, or as soon as possible.

Detailed applications in writing to the **Chairman, R.S.G.B.,** at the above address to be received not later than 10 August 1979.

STATES OF JERSEY

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS ADVISORY OFFICER

The Industrial Relations Committee wishes to appoint an Industrial Relations Advisory Officer to succeed the present holder who retires at the end of this year.

It is essential for applicants to have had a wide experience of all aspects of industrial relations, including dealing with Trade Unions. Ability to establish the precise nature and cause of differences and disputes and to act as an independent conciliator between the parties when so requested is also essential. The post is particularly suitable for a person approaching retirement age.

Salary negotiable on scale £7,179 to £8,337; other conditions related to Jersey Civil Service; (the post is not pensionable).

Further Information can be obtained from Mr. D. L. G. Pamplin, 2-4 Belmont Road, St. Helier, Jersey. (Tel. (0534) 27161) to whom written applications, in strict confidence, should be sent.

The Society of Civil and Public Servants

has a vacancy for a trade union

Research Assistant

to start a soon as possible. The vacancy is initially a temporary one for about 8 months, arising from maternity leave.

This post will involve working under the direction of the Head of Research, assisting in the routine work of the Research Department, drafting sections of the Annual Report, answering requests for information, selecting articles of interest from journals etc. A particular part of the work will involve the calculation of true money rates from information on salaries etc., gathered by the Civil Service Pay Research Unit. This function will require the postholder to be able to handle figures quickly and accurately. Much of the work will be in the area of the Research Officer's special responsibilities, such as personnel management, health and safety, employment law and computers.

Candidates should be capable of a high standard of drafting work, and be adaptable enough to deal with a variety of work. Preference will be given to candidates interested in gaining experience of trade union research work.

Starting pay is £4,892 p.a. plus Inner London Weighting of £524 p.a. and the annual leave allowance is 30 days.

Applicants should apply by **Thursday 9 August** to **Assistant General Secretary (F & O), Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, LONDON SE1 0TU, with C. V. and** reasons for applying. Please include a phone number. Shortlisted candidates will be required for interview on the morning of **Monday 13 August.**

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AUSTRALIA

ROYAL MELBOURNE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY LIMITED

PRINCIPAL LECTURER

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DEPARTMENT OF ACCOUNTANCY STUDIES

The Secretarial Studies Section is one of three sections which comprise the Department of Accountancy Studies, within the Faculty of Business. The Section, which comprises eight staff members, offers 3 courses:

- Bachelor of Business (Secretarial Studies) 3 years full-time
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The appointee will be the senior staff member of the section.

A person with the ability to provide professional and academic leadership to the section is being sought. The appointee must be able to make a strong contribution towards course development and the professional development of members of the Section.

Applicants should possess a higher degree in a relevant discipline and have significant practical experience in administration and office management in the private or public sector and/or education.

Salary $A25,818

Ref. No. 161-25-AN **Closing date 14/9/79**

Intending applicants should obtain a Position Description from the Staff Branch, RMIT, Box 2476V, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001. Applications should be addressed to the Registrar.

7967

NIJENRODE

The Netherlands School of Business

Breukelen

has a vacancy for a

LECTURER IN INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Required: a graduate in Sociology or Political Science to teach Industrial Relations at Nijenrode, an under-graduate college within the Dutch higher education system which is engaged in developing an integrated programme in teaching and research in Management/Business Administration. The majority of students are Dutch but close contacts have been developed with a number of American universities and European Institutes and an exchange programme is in operation.

The Nijenrode campus is situated in Breukelen, between Amsterdam and Utrecht.

The successful candidate will be expected to teach courses in Organisational and/or Occupational Sociology, Introductory Political Science, and Comparative Industrial Relations. The last two courses involve third year students while there is also the possibility of teaching advanced Dutch and American students. The candidate should be specialised in Comparative Industrial Relations and be familiar particularly with the relationship between government, trade unions, and business in Western Europe. He/she will also be expected to conduct research, to co-operate with colleagues in developing interdisciplinary programmes and to take part in a number of administrative duties.

The above mentioned position is a temporary appointment for a period of two years with the possibility of renewal. The appointment will be on the Lecturer scale, salary per month Dfls., 2.928,00-Dfls. 5.155,00, and will conform with civil-service appointments in terms of benefits.

Applicants should send a full "curriculum vitae", listing experience, publications, and three references, to Dr. M. Punch, Chairman of the Appointments Committee, from whom further information is available (Home address: Veenendaalplein 8, 1185 DD Amstelveen, tel. 020-412339).

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Convince us in a letter. Include all relevant personal and professional details and your age, to:

Robert Connell, Granada Television Limited, Quay Street, MANCHESTER M60 9EA.
Closing Date: 10 August 1979.
Mark your envelope: Trainee Director.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND HUMBERSIDE ARTS

COMMUNITY FILM ADVISER

The regional Arts Association for Lincolnshire and Humberside is setting up a scheme to encourage film development within schools and adult communities, and invite applications for a new post of Community Film Adviser to stimulate, guide and assist both film making and film appreciation activities. Commitment to uses of film in education, knowledge of film history and practical experience of film making processes essential. Two-year contract initially. Salary starting £3,732 plus £250 subsistence, transport provided. Details and forms from the: **Director, Lincolnshire and Humberside Arts, St Hugh's, Newport, Lincoln.**

Mozambique Needs Teachers

Teachers are urgently needed preferably by January 1980 in the following subjects:
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geography.
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If you are interested and have at least one year's experience, write or phone: **Mozambique Recruitment Programme, 34 Percy Street, London W1P 9FG. 01-636 7108.**

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The prospective appointee should be an all-round broadcaster conversant with announcing, news reading, presentation, interviewing, scripting and editing.

Planning ability is essential.

Age limit: 35.

The appointment will be for a period of three years. The contract period may be extended if both parties express the wish to do so.

Please address written applications containing a comprehensive survey of qualifications and past experience, together with a passport photograph to the Personnel Department, Radio Nederland, P.O. Box 222, 1200 JG Hilversum, The Netherlands.

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of the children of Vietnam need milk and vitamins. Please help, they have suffered enough.

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FEMALE, 50s, divorced, working caring profession, attractive, many interests and zest for life. Seeks open-hearted man for stimulating, hopefully lasting relationship and mutual enrichment of future. East Midlands. Box 5977.

MAN, 54, tall, Jewish, not religious, left-wing, non-driver, recently divorced, likes Mahler, Sinatra, jazz, Piaf, French wine, wishes to meet woman, religion, nationality immaterial. Advertiser moving to Ashford, Middlesex. Not seeking ephemeral affair. Box 5975.

NUDISM. Warm, male graduate, artistic, well-balanced, young forties, seeks intelligent south east London or Kentish woman interested in nudism, intelligent conversation, occasional outings and perhaps all-round friendship. Box 5865.

SOUTH HERTS based woman, 51, quiet, free mind, likes reading. Seeks anti-authoritarian man or woman, perhaps dreamer, aware of dead hand of reality principle. Hopefully to explore possibility of friendship. Status unimportant. Box 5911.

YOU CAN'T LAUGH ALONE. Much travelled Englishwoman, 50, London job, seeks jolly man friend for doing things, going places, talk and fun in the sun. Box 5920.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. Mikhail Bulgakov's 'The White Guard', and 'Antony and Cleopatra' (sold out until 8 August). See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Howard Brenton's 'Sore Throats'.

CRITERION. 930 3216. Mon.-Thurs. eves 8 p.m. Fri. & Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman. Directed by Robert Chetwyn.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Outside Edge', a new comedy by Richard Harris, with Julia McKenzie and Maureen Lipman. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. Fully air-conditioned.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'As You Like It', 'Undiscovered Country', 'Close of Play', 'Betrayal', 'The Philanderer', 'Wings'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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Meetings

ATCAL: the Association for the Teaching of Caribbean and African Literature holds its second National Conference at the University of Sheffield 14-16 September 1979 to discuss the teaching and practice of literature use in the classroom. (Workshops, texts, authors, discussion groups etc.). For full details contact: Atcal, the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2. (01-836 1973 weekdays).

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 8 Aug. 7.30 'The Family' by Bite Theatre Group, first in three workshops on changing definitions of primary relationships. 9 Aug. 1.00 'Suspended Sentences' Frank Kermode, Melvyn Bragg, Martin Goff and Robin Denniston on the cultural gap left by the Times Literary Supplement. 80p. 930 6393.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY? S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Literary

MATCHLIGHT Poetry Readings, Orangery, Holland Park, W8. The Matchlight Readers (prof. actors). Guest: George Barker + Housman & Tennyson. 9 Aug. 7.15 p.m. £1. 01-352 7409.

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REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

BOOK FAIR. Meet 50 Provincial Booksellers at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Sq, W1. 6-7 Aug. Mon. 12-8, Tues. 10-3.30. Thousands of O/P & antiquarian books for sale.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. Sae to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

HISTORY, POLITICS, etc. S.a.e. for second-hand book list. Montpelier Books, 114 York Road, Montpelier, Bristol BS6 5QQ.

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